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CRITICS ON MEXICO.*

Travels over the Table Lands and Cordilleras of Mexico during the years 1843 *and* 1844. By Albert M. Gilliam, late U. S. consul to California; with Maps and Plates. Philadelphia: John W. Moore, 138 Chesnut street. London: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 8vo. pp. 455.

Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thompson, Esq., late envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States at Mexico. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 304.

MEXICO seems to be a favorite topic for tourists and book-making travellers. Scarcely two years have elapsed since the publication of Mr. Mayer's travels in that interesting country, and we are now favored with other works on the same subject, which differ in merit as well as in bulk. The readers of the Catholic Magazine probably remember that the production of our esteemed townsman was then noticed in the tone of rebuke, which the historical and religious views of the author seemed imperatively to call for. Mr. Mayer, however, is far from endorsing the many absurd and foolish statements which require notice in the work of Mr. Gilliam; nay, to confute them, we might confidently appeal to the testimony of the former, which we think to be fully equal in worth to that of the late U. S. consul in California. But we do not wish to institute any comparison between the two performances. The only point of resemblance between them is, that both are the efforts of Protestant pens on Catholic subjects, and that their authors have been strangely influenced at times by their religious predilections. It is scarcely possible for one who, from his youth, has had sounded in his ears the puritanical cant about popery, to witness or discuss with becoming gravity and impartiality those Catholic dogmas, rites and practices, which the reformers urged as a subject of reproach against the ancient church. But

* The article on Mexico, which commences this number of the Magazine, was written before the declaration of hostilities between that country and the United States, and aims only at the vindication of Catholicity and of our national literature. The remarks of the writer contain no allusion to the political relations actually existing between the two republics. We therefore publish the review independently of these circumstances, as the proper objects of the Magazine are, at all times, the defence of religion, and the exposure of those scribblers who presumptuously aspire to literary fame.—Ed.

with the exception of this *Protestant tone*, there is no similarity between the two works: their literary and philosophic merits do not admit of comparison. In point of erudition, general accuracy, useful and pleasing information, style, and even mere typographical merit, we must, without hesitation, give the preference to our townsman. Judging from the work of Mr. Gilliam, it would seem that the world had retrograded several centuries, despite the favorite theory of the indefinite perfectibility of the human species. His views and thoughts are of the most common and even vulgar order; and when he wishes to rise above this level, he falls either into an unintelligible jargon or a ridiculous bombast. We have seldom met with a style so remarkable for obscurity, inversions and transpositions. It abounds with foreign words, but so disfigured, that it would often require an Œdipus or a wizard to interpret them. In short, the book is deficient throughout in etymology, grammar, and, strange to say, in simple orthography. As to Mr. Waddy Thompson's work, we shall devote a few remarks to it, after having disposed of Mr. Gilliam.

It is something of a mystery to us that books should flow from the press so copiously in certain quarters, when we are already surfeited with them. There seems to be a real mania in this superfluity of publication, which it may not be uninteresting to examine. If a journey is undertaken for purposes of research and discovery, or is remarkable by its unusual incidents, in which the feelings and sympathies of our nature are enlisted, we easily conceive that the traveller should present an account of his observations to the public, and that we would find interest and pleasure in the narrative. But if a writer has nothing more to say than what his predecessors have said hundreds of times before him—if he has to entertain us only with the kind of dust found upon the roads, the fare in the taverns, the number of days spent in some coach, the chit-chat of travellers, the baggage he had with him, and his own thoughts about men, animals, plants and stones, which are already well known, it is passing strange that he should consent to appear before the public with such a meagre recommendation. Were we allowed to offer a conjecture upon this point, we would place the reason of this anomaly in the self-sufficiency which the favorite dogma of the "sovereignty of the people," falsely understood, and the pretended emancipation of the human mind by the reformation, create among our Protestant friends. Every man in his own fancy, and at the bar of his own judgment, is a little hero, a genius, a monarch. He imagines that every body will take the liveliest interest in knowing his sentiments, in listening to his conversation, and in witnessing his mode of acting. Hence he puts himself to the trouble of registering all his thoughts, words and steps, thus forming a complete meteorological table of his soul and body, which he sends in due time to the printer for the edification of the public.

It is by no means our intention to make a personal application of the foregoing remarks to Mr. G., who informs us that he gives his travels to the public only at the urgent solicitations of his friends: and we positively disclaim any intention of wounding the feelings of our traveller, though we may have some very unpalatable charges to bring against him. In vindicating the truth boldly, we will but follow the suggestions of Mr. G. himself, who never fails to protest, before he utters any grave accusation against Catholic Mexico, that he considers it his duty to tell the whole truth, unsophisticated and ungarbled, and gives himself great credit for his frankness and courage. We agree with him in the principle, but widely differ from him in its application, as the sequel will show. We know absolutely nothing of Mr. G. but what he says of himself in his book, and we judge him only from his book, which has be-

come the property of the public. Mr. Gilliam informs us that he is a Virginian, from Lynchburg, and we must admit that, on that score, his book bears many internal evidences of authenticity. He informs us that he received from President Tyler the commission of consul at the port of San Francisco, Upper California; that he sailed from New Orleans for Vera Cruz in November, 1843, visited the city of Mexico, then travelled northwards more than a thousand miles, and returned through Tampico to New Orleans in the month of August, 1844. The incidents of that voyage, together with the thoughts that occurred to Mr. Gilliam during the course of it, form the subject of the volume before us.

We shall chiefly consider the remarks of our author on religious matters, and on Catholic topics, which will afford ample field for criticism. Mexico is a Catholic country. We do not say that the practice of the Christian and ecclesiastical virtues flourishes there in all its perfection; but we do say that Mexico, having been settled by a nation whose monarch bears the title of "most Catholic," its customs, manners, ceremonies and practices, must necessarily possess much of a Catholic tone and spirit, and, as this tone is diametrically opposite to that which is Protestant, we may be assured that Mr. Gilliam has found in Mexico much to excite his ire, and to call forth a display of Protestant enthusiasm and eloquence. But that he has been rash and unhappy in his attacks, will appear evident from the fact that he shows an absolute and complete ignorance of every thing Catholic, as much so as if the Catholic worship were confined to some obscure district of China or Japan, and not avowed by the largest civilized portion of Europe and America. He informs us that he had never seen a Catholic church before he went to Mexico, and the manner in which he speaks of many Catholic practices shows the truth of his assertion, while it affords a subject of considerable merriment to the better informed. The first time he entered a Catholic church, he saw a statue which he at once declared to be the Virginian statesman, Thos. Jefferson. He must have been profoundly edified in seeing this strange personage in a Catholic church of Mexico. The statue, however, proved to be that of St. Joseph, the guardian of the divine Infant, and the husband of Mary. Speaking of the morning service, in a certain chapel, he says: "The ceremonies were long and solemn, during which *mass was taken.*" The process of "taking mass" may perhaps be known to our Protestant friends, but it is a complete mystery for us. On hearing the bell ring three times a day, Mr. Gilliam concluded that Catholics salute the sun at his rising, setting, and culmination. This might indeed have been well said of the Mexican Indians or the Persians who adored the sun; but it is passing strange that a man who undertakes to write for the information of others should commit so palpable a blunder as to impute this practice to Catholics. He should have known that the bell is rung in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, for the purpose of calling public attention to the greatest event ever accomplished on earth, the incarnation of the Son of God, an event which the chronology and calendar of civilized nations keep continually in view. The following is truly amusing. Mr. Gilliam describes in glowing colors the rare merit, the consummate virtues, and the fervent piety of the bishop of Durango, and he then adds in confirmation of all the praise bestowed on him: "His father confessor accompanied him on every occasion, and regularly, *three times a day, he made confession.*" This is the first time we ever heard of a Catholic going to confession three times a day, and, as confession is an accusation of our sins, one would suppose that the bishop was all the time committing sin in order to have matter for his confession. But the most surprising part of the story is, that the bishop should have told Mr. Gilliam or his friends of his uncommonly

frequent confessions. It is a capital joke on the bishop of Durango, and we should be glad to have some way of acquainting him with the high compliments paid him by our traveller.

Mr. Gilliam went to Mexico a perfect stranger to Catholic doctrines and practices, and absolutely unprepared to appreciate what came under his observation. Besides this he had no means of acquiring correct information on the subject by conversing with the people, or interrogating the most intelligent among them in reference to what he considered so strange. For he was unacquainted with the Spanish language; he frankly confesses the fact in his preface, and gives abundant proof of it in the course of his book. Thus, in the stage-coach, he often met with Mexicans who showed him every possible attention and politeness, and seemed anxious to converse with him; but neither Spanish or French being at his command, no conversation could be carried on except by signs and gestures. The consequence was that Mr. Gilliam travelled through Mexico like a deaf and dumb man, and all his information upon the manners and customs of the people he was obliged to derive from Englishmen or Americans; that is, from Protestants like himself. Hence it was out of his power to adopt the maxim of all liberal and enlightened tribunals, never to condemn a man before you have heard from him a statement of his own case. Mr. Gilliam was reduced to the necessity of recording in his journal all the tales, calumnies, and absurdities circulated by Protestants and infidels against the Catholic church. His book, so far as it is offensive to Catholics, is a mere repetition of what he heard from his Protestant friends; it merely re-echoes what is written in English Protestant books. He is, if we may make use of the expression, a faithful recorder of Protestant *traditions* against Mexico; for some Protestants, though they appear to reject *tradition*, transmit, with wonderful care, certain absurd tales which have originated nobody knows where. As an example of this, we may mention the following stories about the virgin of Remedios, a statue of Mary which, it is supposed, was brought to America by the first conquerors. The number of Protestant tales about this is incredible. The statue sometimes takes a notion to travel, and, even on foot through the mud; it is old, and crumbling to pieces, but it can not be repaired by any human ingenuity or skill; those who try to repair it are suddenly taken ill and die. Mr. Gilliam adds another circumstance which he learned, he says, from a *young American*. The statue is without a nose, and the padre who keeps it is without a nose too, "and, *for that reason*, it had been entrusted to his care." We are really ashamed of our countrymen when they stoop to pick up such vile trash, and throw it in the face of their Catholic brethren. There must be something true in that religion which can be successfully assailed only by such mean expedients. It should be remembered, however, that this forging of tales and slanders was the chief evolution in the impious tactics of Voltaire against the Bible.

The preceding remarks, which abundantly show that Mr. Gilliam is not qualified to speak of church matters, and that Protestant gossip was the only source of information opened to him on Catholic subjects, might perhaps dispense us from entering any further into the religious portion of his book; for these two considerations cover the whole ground of the discussion, and completely nullify the charges of our author. We will follow him, however, on the various topics which have most contributed to excite his bile, to show at least that we have a due regard for the lectures which he is willing to give us. To begin at once: we must transport ourselves to the city of Puebla which Mr. Gilliam met on his way from Vera Cruz to Mexico. Here he was not at all pleased; but our readers shall enjoy the luxury of listening to our critic in his own inimitable style:

"This place has also the distinguished appellation of *Puebla de los Anglos*, "the town of the angels," acquiring this heavenly cognomen from the belief of the natives, which no doubt was the working of an ingenious and wily priestcraft, to wit: the angels of heaven *condescended* to quit the throne of God, and *descended* to the town of Puebla, there to work in vile stone and mortar, in the erection of a truly large and costly cathedral of that place. It is certainly a great misfortune, resulting in the over-anxiousness or weak-mindedness of the clergy of any country, to thus impose upon the superstitious credulity of an ignorant people. As for myself, I had just as soon believe in the fabled legends of the Aztecs' sanguinary war god, as in the absurdities believed by the Mexicans of the town of the angels. I say that it is to be regretted that a religion originally pure should have been so wickedly and falsely perverted by those professing to be the heralds of Christ, as to impose on a willing people. *The impossibilities of truth are but in the disgust of the minds of the intelligent to throw doubt and disbelief upon the whole fabricated institution, which results in atheism, or else, in after times, in the progress of man's enlightenment, to raise up enemies to the church, who will uproot and overthrow the whole system, and, on its ruined foundation, erect a plan of pristine pureness, upon the truth as it is. I do not think it my duty slurringly to garble the truth, but to speak it entire, in whatever I may have been impressed, of men and things, religion and politics."*—*P.* 72.

The first remark we have to make on this characteristic passage is, that Mr. Gilliam is very much like those angels whom he supposes to have been unwilling to "work in vile stone and mortar." He looks upon etymology, grammar and spelling, as matters too vile to attract his attention, and consequently he does not *condescend* to speak either grammatically or intelligibly. Puebla de los *Anglos* is not the town of the angels; if it be any thing, it is the town of *Englishmen*. Mr. Gilliam will allege that he does not lay claim to any knowledge of Spanish, but he pretends to know Latin, and Latin analogies should have suggested to him the right orthography. The wrong one could not have been a fault of print, for it is continued throughout. But enough for the grammatical question. What shall we say of the harsh lecture to which he treats us against the frauds of the Catholic clergy of Mexico, and the blind credulity of the Catholic people in that country? He says that he can not believe that angels will ever build a church. But in this he is fundamentally wrong. The building of a church by supernatural power, if real, would be a fact, like other facts, and would have to be admitted upon sufficient testimony; otherwise we should have no means of establishing the truth of Christianity against infidels. Say that miracles are impossible, and you sweep Christianity from the earth. But Mr. Gilliam believes in the Bible, and if he is but willing to open that sacred volume, at random, he can scarcely fail to meet with some miraculous display of divine power even through the instrumentality of angels. We would not consider it more unbecoming for angels to build a house to the glory of the Almighty, than to announce to poor shepherds the birth of the Messiah, or to deliver Peter from prison, or to do a variety of other things recorded in Scripture.

But who has said that angels actually erected the cathedral of Puebla? Some Protestant tourists suppose indeed that this is the belief of Mexicans, but what proof do they give of it? None that we can see. Do they infer this belief from the name of *Puebla de los Angelos?* If so, Mr. Gilliam should also admit that the place for which he was appointed consul, is called San Francisco because the city is believed to have been built by St. Francis, a conclusion which he himself would probably admit to be false and ridiculous. Mr. Gilliam then has no other ground than Protestant gossip for attributing this strange opinion to the Mexicans. To set him right upon this matter we will refer him to the large geographical dictionary of Bruget de la Martinière, which is a faithful digest of universal geography, in six huge folios, and

is the more entitled to confidence on Spanish affairs, as the author was appointed geographer to his most Catholic majesty. This author, whose erudition, it will be readily admitted, was at least equal to that of Mr. Gilliam, informs us, in his article on Puebla, that this place was called *Puebla de los Angelos*, because, at the time of its erection, Queen Isabella saw, in a *dream*, angels occupied in building it. This too he states only as a rumor. Now this author was a Catholic, and we not only readily admit what he says, but we confidently believe that the Mexicans themselves believe nothing more on the subject. If Mr. Gilliam had spoken the Spanish language, and had consulted some intelligent man in Puebla, he would have probably learned the true origin of the name "Puebla de los Angelos." From all this we are led to conclude, that the erection of the cathedral of Puebla by angels is not a belief of the Mexicans, but a story manufactured for them by Protestants, who have transformed a dream into a reality, and a rumor or probability into a settled conviction. Now, we ask, on which side do credulity, superstition and folly betray themselves, on the part of the Mexicans, or that of Protestant travellers? But what shall we say of the malicious insinuations of Mr. G. against the Mexican clergy? He did not exchange one word on the subject with a Catholic priest of Mexico, and yet he tells us that all the clergy are active in deceiving an artless population. It would be much more reasonable to suppose that Mr. Gilliam himself has been acting the part of a *weak-minded* teacher, in attempting to palm so much nonsense upon the community. For, certain it is, that they are most sadly imposed on, who are credulous enough to believe such tales as are put forth by writers of this description.

We shall pass no comment on the concluding remarks of Mr. Gilliam concerning the "impossibilities of truth." Our mind is incapable of soaring to the elevation of thought implied in this phrase. Mr. Gilliam, in his flight towards the airy regions of metaphysics, must have become giddy and entirely lost his balance. But be that as it may, if Mr. Gilliam means to assert that a Catholic, on account of the difficulties to which his faith must submit, turns atheist and then becomes a Protestant, we can easily put him straight on the subject, by assuring him, in the first place, that, if he wish to join the Catholic church, he will not be required to believe that the cathedral of Puebla was built by angels, nor even that Isabella ever dreamed of angels; and, secondly, that we never heard of a Catholic who went over to Protestantism by the way of infidelity, but we know many who have gone over to infidelity by the way of Protestantism, and many also who, having travelled through the mazes of both, enjoyed no peace of mind until they discovered the cheering light of Catholic truth.

The outcry against the credulity and superstition of foreign people appears to us to come with a very bad grace from our American tourists, when we witness at home so frequent and such frightful exhibitions of the blindest fanaticism and most absurd infatuation. Has Mr. Gilliam led so secluded a life as not to have heard of the doings of Miller and his compeers? Let him compare the credulity of the Mexicans of Puebla with that which is found in almost every city of our union; let him consider the wiles of Catholic priests on the one side, and those of Protestant Millerite doctors on the other; it will be easy to see who are entitled to the palm. Let it be supposed that the inhabitants of Puebla believe their cathedral to have been built by angels. Can they be charged with the folly of watching whole nights in the agonizing expectation of the supreme Judge? Have they ever thought of supplying themselves with *ascension robes*, or of standing for hours in the attitude of pilgrims bound for heaven? Does Mr. Gilliam imagine that the Mexicans would be so credulous and stupid as to become the disciples even of *padres* who would attempt, in opposition to the con-

stant belief of Christians and the clearest testimony of Scripture, to assign the very hour and minute when the last trumpet is to be heard, and the last judgment to *come off*? Did Mr. Gilliam meet with any Mexicans who had run mad, and been thrown into a lunatic asylum, in consequence of their *pretended* belief that angels had built their cathedral? Did he hear of any Pueblans having committed suicide from the terrible agitation of mind caused by the conviction that the angels had built their church? Did he ever see a priest who had designated a certain day for the final judgment, and, after a first and second failure, as manifest as the noonday, still had the assurance to show himself in public? Did he ever hear of a padre in Mexico who, after having wound the feelings of his hearers to the highest pitch of excitement, suddenly eloped with the money which he had extorted from his terror-stricken victims? All this we have heard of in our own country, and witnessed with our own eyes. Shall we speak of the Mormons? Where shall we find credulity to match theirs? If Mr. Gilliam had visited Nauvoo, would he have discovered that the *Latter Day Saints* are Mexicans, or the countrymen of brother Jonathan? We suggest this to our author as a useful subject of meditation, advising him hereafter never to discourse of the credulity of Mexicans or the impositions of Catholic clergymen.

We will now call the attention of the reader to the following passage, which shows what Mr. Gilliam thought of a procession, and other religious ceremonies that took place in Mexico on the 12th of December, the festival of the virgin of Guadaloupe:

"As I followed on after the crowd, and arrived opposite the gate of San Francisco, I discovered there a priest holding in his arms the wooden child, the same which I had seen Joseph bear. The eager multitude around were vieing with one another in their embraces of the infant. In my own profession, in acknowledging my obedience to God and his Son, as known to mankind, through the means of the Old and New Testaments, not considering it necessary, in keeping the commandments and precepts inculcated therein, to declare homage or fealty to any Christian denomination,—the scenes of that day impressed my mind with the folly and superstition of mankind in their attempt to worship with pomp and show the supreme Head of the universe, instead of giving unto him that reasonable service which he requires at the hands of his creatures."—*Pp.* 104, 105.

In this passage our author makes his profession of faith. He is not a Catholic: this is a matter of course. But neither is he an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Mormon, or a Millerite. He hails from no Christian denomination. Perhaps he intends to introduce a new one. This, however, is rather improbable, and we therefore presume that he has the bump of *veneration* in as moderate a degree as any body in the United States. But Mr. Gilliam being nothing, in a religious point of view, will he have the goodness to inform us whether it was Catholicity or Protestantism that has thrown him into this state of negative religion, which we consider the next akin to infidelity? Unfortunately Mr. Gilliam is not the only one in the United States who patronizes this sort of Protean Christianity or indifferentism. But he would do well to reflect that this result is brought about only by the jarring sects of Protestantism, which beget a skeptical disposition, and cause many to live and die without any professed principles of religion; for *he* has no religion who believes in the Bible in general, but not in particular; who discards all creeds, and holds to no denomination, although he assiduously reads the Bible. Mr. Gilliam tells us that he confines himself to the adoption of the Bible as a standard of orthodoxy. But must it not have appeared strange to him that, during the eighteen centuries that have elapsed since the time of Christ, no one should have broached this new form of Christianity, which consists in believing nothing but the Bible in general? Must

he not perceive that another generation, improving upon this, will discard all belief, even that of the Bible itself, and confine itself to the truth in general, be that where it may? As Mr. Gilliam has read the Bible, he must have met with the passage which says, that he who does not hear the church is to be considered as a heathen and a publican. How does he understand this positive declaration of the Bible? How does he understand so many other passages which denounce the teachers of unsound doctrine? Can any doctrine be unsound according to the views of those who reject all denominations? Is not every one in this case at full liberty to admit or reject whatever he thinks proper?

Mr. G. seems to rate his power of judgment far above the ordinary level of the human mind; for he puts forth his sentiments with great confidence, though they are at variance with the views of all mankind. Here is another of his wonderful discoveries. He has discovered in the Bible, not only that there should be no Christian denominations, but also that no display should be admitted in the worship of the Almighty, and that men are laboring under an awful delusion in this respect. "The scenes of that day impressed my mind with the folly and superstition of mankind in their attempt to worship with pomp and show the supreme Head of the universe." Hence the grave conclusion that the Mexicans are a set of fools and fanatics, because they practise religious processions, and venerate a wooden image of the divine Infant. And as Catholics throughout the world do precisely the same thing that has been observed among their brethren in Mexico, we are driven to the conclusion, that the whole Catholic world is guilty of folly and superstition. We must observe, however, that this conclusion of Mr. Gilliam, after having witnessed the scenes of a religious festival, is not perhaps as firmly established in his own mind as his language might lead us to suppose: or, in other words, Mr. Gilliam forgets his own theory. On one occasion, he says, a Mexican presented him a picture of Christ bearing the cross, which at first he declined accepting. The Mexican "said that the picture was *Christo nuestro Salvador* (Christ our Master and Saviour). My American friend at that gave me to understand that I was in a difficulty. I took the picture, looked at it, made the sign of the cross, and threw the man a *clacko*, which seemed to please him, and I departed." On this occasion Mr. G. certainly displayed very little of the spirit of a martyr, and we judge from this that, deep as his convictions might be, he was willing to surrender them in the moment of danger. The same theorist who so bitterly denounces the Mexicans for holding processions, and kissing an image of the infant Saviour, consents to take a picture, and look at it, and *make the sign of the cross.* After all Mr. Gilliam is inexcusable in talking of the folly and superstition of mankind, who pay a due reverence to images in consideration of the subjects they represent; for a Protestant who, through fear, makes the sign of the cross before a picture, believing it to be folly and superstition, stands in a much worse light than the pious worshipper who makes use of external signs as a means of awakening feelings of devotion. After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Gilliam consented, on some occasions, to be taken for a foreign *padre*, or Catholic priest, as this seemed to protect him more effectually against the attacks of robbers. But what will, perhaps, appear truly surprising is, that, in spite of his theory about the folly and superstition of religious pomp, Mr. Gilliam, during a midnight mass in the cathedral of Mexico, was considerably impressed by the solemnity of the occasion:

"The place, indeed, appeared to be a solemn one to me; and who could look with indifference or disrespect over so vast a multitude, all kneeling in adoration of that Being whom I, from my first impressions, was taught to reverence. And, as the sacred chant and solemn peal of the

organ ascended the high vaults of the cathedral, my thoughts, *for the time*, were turned within, and my secret aspirations were *involuntarily* raised to him who had sustained my being at home, and in the midst of people of a strange land.

"I have always had a respect for those who worshipped God in any form; and, it is true, that I have never beheld the great Maker of the universe worshipped in so magnificent a manner. Notwithstanding it was contrary, agreeable to my education, to the simplicity of that worship required of his beings, as exemplified by Christ and his apostles, yet the scene amidst the blaze of a thousand candles, shining with resplendent brilliancy in that vast edifice, could not fail to impress my mind with the solemnity of the occasion." —*Pp.* 132, 133.

It is true these sentiments lasted but a short time. It was not the fault of the ceremony, however, that they did not sink more deeply into the heart of the spectator. We will conclude this subject by observing that man is composed of a body and a soul, and that whatever makes an impression upon the senses, never fails to produce a corresponding effect upon the mind, and consequently religious ceremonies performed with pomp and solemnity, will always awaken those religious feelings which even Mr. Gilliam experienced. The naked worship which he advocates would be fit only for spirits or angels, but can never be adapted to man whose nature is corporal as well as spiritual. We can scarcely believe that Mr. Gilliam ever read the Old Testament, notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary: for certain books of the Old Testament are almost wholly devoted to a description of religious ceremonies, and external rites of every kind, far more numerous and complicated than any thing he saw in Mexico. Witness the grand procession described in the 6th chapter of the second Book of Kings, and also in the 15th and 16th chapters of the first Book of Paralipomenon or Chronicles, which far surpassed in splendor and magnificence the ceremonial of the church in Mexico.

Mr. Gilliam has preferred a charge against the archbishop of Mexico, which in some of its features applies not only to the head of the Mexican hierarchy, but also to nearly all Catholic countries in which a pecuniary contribution is sometimes required from the wealthy, in proportion to their means, in order to give stability to their marriage contract, which would otherwise be null and void. We are pleased to find that Mr. Gilliam has noticed this subject, as it will afford us an opportunity of explaining a point of discipline which Protestants and infidels denounce because they do not understand it. The church has established various impediments to matrimony, unknown among Protestants, with the view of enhancing the sanctity of the matrimonial alliance, and promoting the good of society; for instance, consanguinity among Catholics renders a marriage null when the parties are related to each other within the fourth degree, or the fourth generation from the common stock. In some circumstances, however, there are reasons of propriety, certain temporal or spiritual considerations, which render it expedient to mitigate the severity of the law, and to allow the parties to marry even within the degree of kindred which, by the *ecclesiastical*, and not by the *natural* law, renders the marriage null. A dispensation is then granted by the ecclesiastical authority, and, if the parties are able, a pecuniary contribution is required of them in proportion to their means. If they are poor, and there exist good reasons for a dispensation, it is issued gratuitously. We have known cases in which the clergymen who exercised this faculty, not only received no compensation, but actually gave money to the parties to assist them in obtaining the dispensation. It must be observed, moreover, that when a contribution is levied from the parties dispensed, it is never appropriated to the personal use of the bishop or pope, nor is it a fee for any clergyman. This money is used only for religious or charitable purposes of a public nature. It is sent to Rome, for instance, and is

there appropriated to the support of foreign missions. The relaxation of discipline is thus, in some measure, compensated by a pecuniary offering applied to the wants of those who are laboring in foreign lands for the conversion of sinners and infidels. In all this we see nothing but the dictate of a sound and disinterested policy, and a wise administration of the law in justice and mercy. But what does our blustering critic say on this subject? After passing a high encomium on himself for his boldness and impartiality in telling the truth, he concludes with the following remarks in which philosophy and grammar are striving for the pre-eminence:

"I therefore say that there are mammon discrepancies, in church as well as in state, emanating from the very throne of their earthly divinity. The British government, having neglected to insert an article in their treaty with Mexico, requiring of that government to make valid the marriages of British Protestants performed in that country; and, also, to give power to her consuls to administer the matrimonial ceremony,—Englishmen are subject to the inconvenience and expense of visiting the city of Mexico, and there, by bribery, to obtain the nuptial tie of the archbishop; the marriage being null and void otherwise, both by the religious canons and the laws of the land. Of what avail are the high fiats of heaven, or the positive statutes of a country, if money is to set aside the one and cover the other? Verily, the god of mammon is supreme over heaven and earth—the dictator, too, perhaps. An instance of the above described state of things came under my own knowledge, as the parties I became acquainted with, and a happy couple they were, where it cost the gentleman two thousand dollars to *illegally* marry his wife."—*Pp.* 168, 169.

The reader will no doubt perceive a wide difference between Mr. Gilliam's statement and ours in relation to marriage dispensations. Whence comes this difference? It arises from a want of *discrimination* on his part between a tax and a bribe, between an immutable natural law, and a salutary though not immutable ecclesiastical regulation. We readily admit that our author's powers of discrimination are not very remarkable; otherwise he would assuredly have selected some better theme for criticism than his "mammon discrepancies."

Whatever may be his views upon the subject, we can assure him that the conduct alluded to in the paragraph quoted above, is no "mammon partiality," or "mammon favoritism," or "mammon discrimination." The worst construction that could be given to this peculiar legislation of Mexico is, that marriages in which both parties are Protestants, or mixed marriages in which one is a Protestant and the other a Catholic, are not recognised by the civil law of that country. Now, let us suppose for a moment that such a law exists; what has Mr. G. to complain of? Does not the law in several of our states forbid the contracting of marriage between persons of a different *color?* Why should it not prohibit marriage between people of a different *religion?* If Mr. G. is in favor of reform, let him commence operations at home. But is it advisable, in general, that persons of a different religion should intermarry? This is a grave question which the constitution of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America decides at once. (Confes. of Faith, ch. 24.) "Such as profess the true reformed religion should not marry with infidels, papists, or other idolaters." If Mr. Gilliam objects to this discipline of a numerous Protestant denomination in America, why not forthwith prepare a petition to be laid before the next general assembly of Presbyterian divines to obtain a dispensation? He would oblige us at the same time by presenting our compliments to the assembly for the honorable epithet which they apply to us, with a special request to inforce the law in reference to all Catholics, who would do much better to remain idolaters, *such as they are,* than to run the risk of perversion by an alliance with "devout" Presbyterians.

In the United States, therefore, we have laws precisely similar to those which Mr.

Gilliam supposes to exist in Mexico. But in Mexico the law is mitigated in all cases in which expediency or an evident utility requires this modification. If a Protestant and a Catholic were determined to marry, notwithstanding the prohibition, would it be better to leave them in a criminal relation, than to relax the severity of the law? We think not, at least, in all cases; the tax on such marriages is a judicious regulation, and we have no doubt, that a due regard is paid to the circumstances of those from whom it is required. But it is an intolerable abuse of language to call this impost a bribe, as Mr. Gilliam does. A bribe is always received clandestinely while the contribution alluded to is openly demanded. A bribe is intended to make an individual deviate from the line of duty: in the case before us the archbishop, for good reasons, wishes to legalize an act, (which is not bad in itself, though generally dangerous,) without altogether destroying the sanction of the law. In a word, a bribe is converted to the personal use of the individual who receives it; but we emphatically assert that the money levied on dispensations is used by the archbishop, not for his own purposes, but for objects of public utility. We will conclude our observations on this head with the remark that Mr. Gilliam seems to have lost sight of a practice not very uncommon amongst us, by which money invariably turns the scale in favor of the rich. We have before us the decision of an honorable magistrate, who having four individuals arraigned before him, discharged two of them upon bail, and committed the other two, to appear at the next court. Would not a foreigner find this peculiarity of our laws still more odious than that referred to by Mr. Gilliam? Had he found such a state of things in Mexico, he would most probably have branded it as corrupt and infamous. Amongst ourselves we have frequent and manifest instances of what Mr. Gilliam, in his idiocratic style, calls a *mammon discrepancy*: but as this takes place in the United States, it deserves no censure. In Mexico a far more innocent practice is quite sufficient, according to Mr. Gilliam, to prove that money has there a sovereign influence, and will cause an archbishop to trample under foot, without hesitation, the *fiat* of heaven. It is but too plain that Mr. Gilliam looks at objects through colored glasses.

We will add another case of distorted vision in our author, chiefly in relation to Catholic rites. Mr. Gilliam is in Calaya, a town not far from Mexico.

"It seemed, from the crowds of people I saw in the streets and plaza, that it was a feast-day at Calaya, and as I left the city I was convinced of the fact; for, as the diligencia passed over the bridge near the town, I discovered a large body of Mexicans, dressed as Indians, dancing before a saint, on an altar thickly adorned with flowers, and I had an opportunity of witnessing a ceremony of Indian rites as incorporated in the Roman Catholic religion of Mexico. I was impressed with the opinion that if Saint Paul could have beheld the barbarous show, he would have blushed for the name of the Christian religion; and I am astonished that in this enlightened day of the church, pious priests do not petition the pope to purge the Catholic religion in Mexico of heathen and heretical doctrines and festivities."—*P.* 181.

We are really at a loss to comprehend what could have stirred the bile and inflamed the ire of our traveller to such a pitch. What has so shocked the delicacy of Mr. Gilliam? He saw somewhere in the street the statue of a saint, adorned with flowers, and Mexicans dressed like Indians dancing before it. Could Mr. Gilliam point out to us the impropriety of such a performance, and what commandment of God was violated by it? All this he witnessed through the window of a stage-coach, and this perhaps may account for the hasty character of his reflections on the subject. A philosophic observer would examine things more leisurely and minutely before coming to a conclusion. From the meagre account which Mr. Gilliam has given of the affair, we are

led to suppose that it was the festival of some saint, a particular patron of the place, and we may inform him, that an occasion like this in Catholic countries is both a civil and a religious holiday, and, consequently, that the dancing which he saw was rather a civil than a religious ceremony. As Mr. Gilliam does not state that these rejoicings were conducted under the direction of the clergy, we will add that if, on such days, after the religious service, the people wish to amuse themselves, there is nothing in the above mentioned practice which would draw down the thunderbolts of the Vatican. On that occasion Mr. Gilliam beheld a specimen, not of Catholic incorporated worship, as he calls it, but of Mexican hilarity, which always possesses more or less of religious feeling. A traveller, of an impartial and liberal spirit, would make due allowance for the character, manners and customs of every nation, and not imagine that his own standard of propriety is binding upon the whole world. We never see boys and girls, in our own country, dancing before a statue of Washington: but even if they did so, the American people would certainly be nothing the worse for it. We should merely conclude that they are keeping pace with the age, and are shaking off the ponderous sternness of the English character, to adopt the more cheerful sprightliness of France and Italy. But it is passing strange, that our author should have taken occasion from this merry exhibition, a mere popular amusement, and but incidentally connected with the Catholic worship, to declaim so fiercely against the church in Mexico. How does he know that St. Paul would have condemned this dancing? Has the mantle of the apostle fallen upon Mr. Gilliam, and unfolded to him his views upon this subject? Did St. Paul ever blush at the conduct of David, who threw aside his garments, and danced with all his might before the ark?* It is true David's wife reproached him for it, but she only drew upon herself the rebuke which her intemperate language deserved.

As Mr. Gilliam was so agitated by the harmless exhibitions of civil and religious merriment among the Mexicans, we would not advise him to assist at certain demonstrations of religion in our own country. The spectacle would not only excite his ire; it might lead to far more disastrous consequences. What would he do were he to witness a scene like the following, for the truth of which we can vouch.

A young girl, probably under twelve years of age, was lying on the ground during several hours, in an attitude of intense anxiety, and a melancholy gloom pervaded her whole frame. Our patience was almost exhausted, in contemplating her in this position, when she suddenly rose from the straw, her countenance greatly inflamed, and her eyes darting the excitement of her mind. She then began to jump and dance, with astonishing agility, exclaiming: "I see, I see, the glory of my Jesus!" A goodly number of old women had assembled on the spot, who commenced struggling among themselves for the privilege of embracing the girl. No sooner had they succeeded in this, than they caught the inspiration, and vociferated together with the young female, that they too beheld the glory of Jesus. All this occurred under the eyes of preachers, who hailed this display as a mighty working of the Spirit. But in the crowd of disinterested spectators there was but a common feeling of indignant disgust, and, we doubt not, that a few exciting scenes of that nature, would have been more than sufficient to exhaust the frame of the tender youth, whose nervous sensibility had been raised to such a pitch. But what would Mr. Gilliam have said of such an exhibition? He could not have invoked the authority of the pope; for every good Protestant is his own pope. Mr. Gilliam may have heard perhaps of some other religious preachers, lately in-

*2 Kings vi, 14.

troduced among us, such as holy rolling, holy kissing, and washing of feet. Does he consider all this more dignified than the dancing in Mexico? It would certainly be a source of great edification, if the brethren, who indulge in these practices, would confine their washing of feet and kissing to beggars and negroes: but when their devotion prompts them to select only young girls for this religious ceremony, and to practice holy kissing, even when the latter positively refuse, it is rather an awkard operation, which, we think, would really throw the honest Mr. Gilliam into convulsions.

Mr. Gilliam has commented upon the conduct and deportment of the Mexican clergy. We readily grant that there may be some ground for complaint on this head; although the circumstance implies nothing derogatory to the principles of the Catholic church, for she never declared that her priests were impeccable. It were to be wished that all were of a pure and unblemished character, here and elsewhere; at the same time we can not deny that there have been instances of glaring prevarication even among those who have occupied the highest ranks of the priesthood. We have, also, frequently read that Mexico exhibited a worse state of things in this respect than any other part of the Christian world; but we must confess that these statements have not produced conviction in our mind, having never been free from that prejudice, ignorance and ill will which render them unworthy of credit. Protestants who travel in Mexico, with few exceptions, take it for granted that the grossest vices prevail among its clergy; but their statements, in general, will not bear the test of investigation: it is easy, upon examination, to discover the insufficiency of the reasons upon which they found their assertions. Mr. Gilliam, as a matter of course, has only imitated his predecessors, and added the weight of his own authority to the statements published before. Accordingly we find at the conclusion of his volume the following decisive declaration: "The Catholic church has no where so corrupt a priesthood"—an asseveration which will somewhat startle the reader who remembers that Mr. G., according to his own avowal, had never been in a Catholic country, and had never set his foot in a Catholic church before he went to Mexico. On one occasion our author gives full vent to his pious indignation, and treats the clergy of Mexico to the following lecture: "The terrible fate that overtook the priesthood of Montezuma should be a monument of warning to those of the present day of the true God's displeasure with wickedness and abominations."—P. 46. The specific charges preferred against the clergy by Mr. G. are, that they are addicted to gambling, loafing, haunting *restaurants*, besides a general violation of their vow of chastity. But it must be admitted that these statements, formal and solemn as they appear, are not supported by any collateral evidence; and we may here make a remark, which we think will force itself upon the conviction even of our author himself, if he ever look into ecclesiastical history. A corrupt Catholic clergy have strong propensities for Protestantism: this is a fact which the history of the rise of Protestantism, and its establishment in the various parts of Europe, clearly attests. Wherever it found priests and friars such as our travellers describe the Mexican clergy, it thrived prodigiously. Hence Germany apostatized from the ancient church, chiefly from this cause, and the new clergy was composed of priests and monks who, having become weary of celibacy, found in the new religion an easy way of throwing off its restraints. Luther was not the last to set an example of those sacrilegious marriages which are denounced by our tourists in Mexico, and it is well known that he did not restrict himself much in the way of eating and drinking. Cranmer, the great patriarch of the English reformation, kept a pretended wife, while yet in out-

ward communion with Rome, and bound by the same vow as the clergy of Mexico; and he it was who laid the foundation of Anglicanism. Knox was an apostate monk, who became very zealous in the advocacy of the new Gospel, because he ardently longed to shake off the restraints of a salutary discipline and marry a wife; and all historians remark that the reformation succeeded very well in Scotland, precisely because the general corruption of the clergy had prepared the way for it. What occurred at the birth of the reformation has been occasionally witnessed in later times. If any bishop suspend a Catholic priest for the secret indulgence of his passions, the first intelligence we hear of him is his having become a Protestant. The list of such cases is unfortunately too numerous, and we hope that it may end with Ronge and his associates. But, setting aside history, the thing speaks for itself. If a priest wishes to live as he is represented to do in Mexico, he has only to embrace Protestantism; his concubine will then become his wife, and having thrown aside the gown, he may *loaf* and gamble to his heart's content, without being noticed by any one. These remarks, in connection with the fact that the Mexican clergy are as far as they possibly can be from Protestantism, and display on all occasions the utmost repugnance and opposition to it, afford some reason, we think, for doubting the statements of certain travellers in regard to the immorality of their lives.

We are the more confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that the assertions of our travellers are based upon mere suspicion, or supported by proofs that carry with them their own refutation. We grant that the common *tradition* among Protestants represents the clergy of Mexico as corrupt, but this is no proof of the fact; because Protestant travellers have no adequate means of ascertaining these matters. Mr. G., for instance, tells us of an interpreter in his service, who had lived in the United States, and who informed him that "he did not believe there was a God, and that if he had had faith he might not have been with him on that day. He added that, as a matter of course, he had joined the church of Mexico; but the clergy proving to be the most immoral people he had ever known, he felt confirmed in his original opinions."—P. 300. Now this interpreter, as Mr. G. informs us, was a refugee from justice; a man who had escaped from some American penitentiary, and even attempted Mr. G's life, in order to rob him of his property. This is a creditable witness, forsooth, of the immorality of the Mexican clergy! Mr. G's own assertions will show that this pretended immorality is little more than a vague and foolish report, concocted by Protestant prejudice. The reader has not forgotten the high encomium which our author awards to the bishop of Durango. He tells us that, "sacred to his vow, he never had a female to enter his house, and that all his servants were men;" moreover, that "regularly three times a-day he makes confession." Now, strange to say, a few lines below we find the following illustration of the preceding remarks: "The pious man is much respected and feared by his clergy and laity. The priests, on the other hand, take good care *to buy indulgences* to live with their *unmarried wives*." Of all the instances of palpable contradiction we ever met with, this is certainly the most glaring. Here is a pious bishop feared by his clergy, himself a model of sacerdotal purity, and of such a tender and delicate conscience as always to be accompanied by his father confessor, and to make his confession three times a day, who, nevertheless, sells indulgences to his clergy, to quiet their consciences in the continual commission of adultery and sacrilege!! Truly Mr. Gilliam overrates the credulity of his readers.

Mr. Gilliam mentions but one instance in which he had satisfactory evidence of immoral deportment among the Mexican

clergy; and this occurred in the remotest part of the republic, where bishops are seldom seen, and impropriety of conduct may escape with comparative impunity. But what he witnessed in the city of Mexico, will not warrant the unfavorable idea of the clergy which he seems to have formed. Travellers form their opinion of the clergy, from what they see in the streets. In their rambles through the city they are sure to find some priest or friar who may be easily recognised by his dress, and they immediately set to watching his conduct with an invidious eye, and, whatever blame may attach to him, is at once imputed to the whole clerical body. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the injustice of such an inference. If a priest or friar in the streets comports himself in an unbecoming or unworthy manner, the blame should rest upon him alone, and not fall upon the clergy in general; for it may happen that a priest, having been censured by his superiors, may be an object of compassion for his colleagues, who deplore his levity, indiscretion, or other irregularities; and it would be a crying injustice to judge of all from this one individual. To form an opinion upon data of this description, is evidently running the risk of being deceived, and can never justify a writer in putting forth his declarations, as entitled to public belief. He would act far more reasonably, if, in witnessing the disedifying conduct of a clergyman, he admired the moral influence of a religion which prescribes for all the clergy a peculiar costume which exposes them to the public eye, and serves as a continual, though silent admonition of that gravity and propriety which become their sacred character. Travellers in Protestant countries find nothing to censure on this head, because Protestant clergymen, in general, are not distinguished from the people by their dress. Were they obliged to wear the cassock, we should probably read many more accounts of their scandalous deportment, though, as it is, we have quite enough. Certain it is, that, on more than one occasion, individuals whom we believed to be fops or dandies, proved afterwards to be members of the clerical profession.

The following argument, based upon Mr. Gilliam's own movements, will show how fallacious are the views that are formed of a foreign clergy, from hasty observation. He informs us that he travelled as a foreign padre, or priest, this being a trick of the postillion, to obtain for him and his companion a greater respect from the crowd, and a greater security against robbers. "We were foreign *padres* (priests), and with courteous smiles, and great reverence, did the ragged and motley crowd let us pass to our rooms." Imagine, gentle reader, the gravity of visage and solemnity of gait which Mr. Gilliam had recourse to on this occasion in order to sustain his new character. In the garb which he assumed, he was no doubt supposed by the Mexicans to be a foreign padre; but did he inspire them with a very exalted idea of the profession? Would they not have been most strangely deluded, if they had formed an estimate of clerical character abroad from the illustration of it in his person? We are far from suspecting that he gave utterance to any of those words which are so commonly used in Virginia, by way of seasoning a conversation; but he tells us that he went to the opera in the very place where he was taken for a foreign priest! What idea was this calculated to give the people of padres from abroad? But if any one had examined the trappings of Mr. Gilliam, he would have felt no increased admiration of the charity and meekness practised by foreign clergymen, nor would he have been likely to consider them as lambs sent among wolves.

"To my belt," says Mr. Gilliam, "was a powder flask, a bag of bullets, two six and one single barrel pistols, a bowie knife, and a sword, while hooped to the horn of my saddle was a double-barrel gun, holster with two pistols, and my nine inch barrel rifle pistol hanging to my right."(!!)—*P.* 289.

But Mr. G. himself has unsuspectingly informed us that the clergy of Mexico are not all chargeable with loose morals and doubtful piety. Besides the bishop of Durango already mentioned, the chaplain of the *School of Mines* possessed a zeal and piety which may appear extraordinary in such a place as a college of young men.

"It was a pleasing sight to behold, in a youth so tender in years, as he opened the door of the chapel, with reverence and respect for the holy place, take off his hat, before entering the consecrated prayer-room. He seemed to take a pleasure in informing us where the students knelt, and described the watchfulness of the old chaplain that they should perform their devotions with decorum."—*P.* 124.

In another place (p. 110), Mr. Gilliam says:

"I have been respectably informed, however, that tippling, gambling, and lewdness of habits, though they would appear to a stranger to be general, are not prevalent among all the clergy of Mexico. For, perhaps, there exists as much piety in some few of them as in any of those of other denominations, and the Mexicans, of all other nations, are peculiarly subservient and constant, in their own way, to their religious rulers, and devoted to their worship."

Mr. Mayer informs us that he only saw one friar at a gambling table in Mexico, and it may well be presumed that this individual acted in defiance of all authority. No one denies that the Mexicans entertain the highest respect for their clergy; and this is to us no insignificant argument in favor of their regular deportment; it proves at least that it is not as discreditable as some writers have supposed. The people would long since have lost all respect for their religious teachers, if they had witnessed among them those depraved and licentious habits which Protestant travellers impute to them. They are certainly not so devoid of discernment and ingenuity as not to discover the failings of their spiritual guides, particularly if they are sufficiently obvious to be matters of public observation even for travellers. Yet it is well known that the Mexicans manifest a high regard for their pastors; and so powerful is the influence of this respect for the clerical character, that robbers themselves dare not offer violence to the person of a clergyman. An individual in Mexico, who would display against the clergy but a small degree of that hostility which they receive from American tourists, would be treated with unsparing severity. This attachment of the Mexican people to their clergy should have its due weight in the minds of the judicious and conscientious Protestant. We can not contrast this influence of the Catholic clergy over the people, with the insignificant part which Protestant ministers act in a similar position, without being tempted to admit that there is something more than human in the mission of the Catholic clergy.

So far we have been considering the theological views of Mr. G. himself, but not content with putting forth the result of his own researches in reference to Catholic institutions, he borrows from Mr. Prescott two of the most bigoted passages that disfigure his history of the Conquest of Mexico. One of these passages compares the proceedings of the inquisition to the human sacrifices of the Aztecs; the other charges the first archbishop of Mexico with vandalism and fanaticism in destroying the early manuscripts of the country. In quoting them, Mr. G. has not failed to present them in his peculiar style, intermingling a few faults of spelling and grammar, according to custom. But these charges, having been already refuted in a review of Mr. Prescott's work, we shall now merely state, for the particular information of Mr. G., that to compare the capital punishment of the inquisition with the human sacrifices practised by the Mexicans, is as gross an absurdity as could possibly be engendered by the rankest bigotry. In the Mexican sacrifices human life was destroyed, not in consequence of any alleged crime in the victim, but through motives of superstition, while the penalties of the inquisition were employed

only for the punishment of crimes which were proved to have been committed; such as blasphemy, sacrilege, &c. Even at the present day crimes of this nature are visited in most countries with the inflictions of human justice. But the inquisition never pursued those convicts who repented of their faults, and were willing to abjure their errors. During the whole period of its existence, the tribunal of the inquisition did not execute as many persons as were sacrificed by the Mexicans in one single year. The charge of Mr. Prescott on this subject is as revolting and absurd, as the imputation of cannibalism which he casts upon the pacific rite of the eucharist, as understood by the Catholic world and set forth in the New Testament by Christ himself: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you."

As to the second charge, in which Mr. Prescott brands the first archbishop of Mexico for burning the literary monuments of the country, we beg the writer's attention to the following plain statements: 1. These monuments were destroyed, not from any hostility to learning, but merely on account of their being in the hands of the inhabitants occasions of superstition and idolatry, as the golden calf among the Israelites. The archbishop and his clergy were certainly far better qualified to judge of the ends to which these monuments were applied, and of their pernicious influence upon the natives, than the critics of modern times, who, more than three hundred years after the event, pretend to say that those monuments, which they never saw, were harmless historical paintings. If these monuments served to cherish among the Mexicans an attachment for their old superstition, was it not the duty of their pastors to remove from them such occasions of spiritual ruin? "If thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out."* 2. Antiquarianism has lost nothing by the destruction of these paintings and pretended manuscripts; for, judging from what remains of them, they were nothing more than unmeaning and uncouth figures of the gods which the Aztecs worshipped. Many of the manuscripts are still extant, and no clue to their meaning has ever been found, no progress in deciphering them has yet been made, and most probably a greater number of them would only produce among the learned a greater perplexity. 3. Mr. Prescott, Mr. Gilliam, and a host of others who charge the Catholic clergy with the above mentioned destruction of the Aztec monuments, have, no doubt, a certain respect for the Bible and the Christian religion. But if their charges against the Catholic clergy in Mexico have a real foundation, they are equally condemnatory of St. Paul himself; nay, they cast a stronger censure on the apostle than on those who have followed his example. The Scripture relates the following effects of the preaching of Paul in Ephesus: "Many of those who had followed curious things, brought their books together, and burnt them before all; and the price of them being computed, they found the money to be fifty thousand pieces of silver; so mightily increased the word of God, and was confirmed."* These books that contained curious things are understood by commentators to have been works on magic, witchcraft, and astrology, and books of this description will never benefit mankind; on the contrary, they have caused the ruin of thousands, both in this life and in the next. But works of real utility the church does not burn; far from it; we are indebted to her for the preservation of nearly all the books that have come down to us from ancient times. For this reason the Catholic world has always denounced the fanaticism and consummate bigotry of the caliph Omar, who ordered the great Alexandrian library to be burned, under the pretence that the Alcoran was the only useful book in existence. Mr. Prescott has ranked, in the same category with Omar, the celebrated

* Matt. v, 29.

* Acts xix, 19.

Cardinal Ximenes and the first archbishop of Mexico, because the former destroyed several Arabic, and the latter several Mexican manuscripts. But in this comparison the historian of the conquest has by no means displayed an impartial or reflecting judgment. Ximenes, it must be admitted, was one of the most ardent votaries of science and literature, as his polyglot edition of the Bible, the first ever published, sufficiently proves, and the Arabic manuscripts which he burned were nothing more than some copies of the Koran that had been laid aside by Moors converted to the Christian religion. The cardinal was well aware that, by doing this, he would not destroy the Koran itself, though, if it were to be destroyed, the lovers of truth would consider it no great loss to mankind. The archbishop of Mexico likewise knew, when he burnt a useless pile of Indian articles, that history would transmit all that was interesting concerning that people. 4. This is not mere assertion, but a matter of fact; as is manifest from the zeal of the first Catholic missionaries in ascertaining and recording all the traditions, customs, and ceremonies of the people. They, indeed, appear to have had a true zeal for antiquarian learning, while their critics at the present day, with all their loud boasting, have as yet accomplished nothing. Father Sahagaun in particular, immediately after the conquest, labored indefatigably in the investigation of these curious matters, and enjoyed every facility in his researches, by daily interviews with the Indians recently converted to Christianity. Father Toribio evinced the same zeal, as well as many others who wrote upon these subjects, but whose books have never been published. When these copious sources of information relative to Aztec antiquities are lying unheeded amongst us, is it probable that the addition of a few obscure and unmeaning manuscripts would form an object of special interest in the scientific world? We think not. The zeal of Spanish Catholics in registering useful facts and events, and thus promoting the interests of literature, presents a remarkable contrast with the barrenness of English Protestant documents in reference to the history of early times. The missionaries of the Catholic church have transmitted to us such abundant information on Mexican subjects, that Mr. Prescott, in his history of the Conquest, obtained the use of more than eight thousand pages of manuscript. Let Mr. Bancroft say whether he could obtain any thing like this mass of records in relation to the early settlements of America. The comparative scarcity of materials on this subject is clearly exhibited by the dissertations and episodes which he is obliged to give us in the place of facts; and had not the Jesuit missionaries recorded the result of their observations, we should possess but very few documents concerning the early history of our country. With facts like these staring us in the face, it argues a consummate ignorance or dishonesty in a writer to charge the Catholic clergy with hostility to the cause of science and literature. It would be just as true to accuse the sun of keeping us in the dark. If Mr. Gilliam and Mr. Prescott have really no sympathy with the authors or abettors of vandalic acts, they will find enough in our own country to awaken their philanthropic and literary zeal. Let them denounce, with all the warmth of which they are capable, the spirit of barbarism that consigned to the flames the convent of Mt. Benedict, with its excellent library and other extensive means for the diffusion of learning. Let them declaim, in the loudest tones of a just indignation, against the madness which destroyed the valuable collection of books at St. Augustine's church, after the sacred edifice itself had become a pile of ruins. We do not wish to shock the delicacy of Mr. Gilliam, but as he seems to notice the crime of burglary in Mexico as something unheard of, we will refer him again to the memorable events which we have just mentioned, and beg him to recollect that the graves of

pious females and the tombs of the devoted missionary and his flock, were ransacked and plundered without opposition in the midst of an enlightened population.

We have nothing more to say of Mr. Gilliam's book, in a theological point of view; but as the author might perhaps complain of us, did we exhibit him only in the character of a divine, we will place his merits more fully before the readers of the Magazine. He has discussed so many topics in his work, that he might be considered in various capacities, as a moralist, an antiquarian, an architect, an historian, a diplomatist, an economist, a chemist, a philosopher, a sentimentalist, a linguist, or a grammarian. As these qualifications, however, are too numerous to claim each a special notice, we will limit ourselves to a few remarks on those last mentioned. His invectives against the Mexicans as a people, we can not consider at length; but it may suffice to observe, in general, that although he charges them with meanness, stupidity, cruelty, treachery, injustice, perjury, &c., there are facts in his own book which would lead us to the very opposite conclusions. For, his pages present many instances of a polite, kind hearted, sincere and chivalrous diposition, which perhaps would seldom be met with in other countries, and which certainly would reflect credit upon any nation.

Mr. Gilliam, from the following remarks in his preface, would seem to lay claim to the acquirements of a philosopher and scientific man:

"The ignorance of the geography of Mexico, has resulted from the fact, that no scientific individual has ever traversed its extended territories, which would enable him to locate rivers and cities, or to describe mountains, valleys and lakes,—it is from a want of this knowledge that a map has never been taken of Mexico; and the only one bearing the name that can be relied on is that of Baron Humboldt, which was in the main sketched from the imagination. I have taken care to draw as accurate a map of my travels, as my time and observation permitted." *Pref. p.* vi.

This passage led us to suppose that Mr. Gilliam had set out upon a kind of exploring expedition, with the sextant, chronometer, compass, barometer, and thermometer in hand, to reform the geography of Mexico, and impart all the information which scientific men are accustomed to give us on these topics. We soon found, however, that we were mistaken; for, he not only omits the mention of these instruments as a part of his effects, though very particular in stating the details of his baggage, but he at length observes:

"I could find no one who could give me the height of any of the northern mountains above the sea, or their latitude and longitude. For the want of instruments I was unable to ascertain these important scientific observations."—*P.* 314.

Why then, we ask, has Mr. Gilliam published his maps? He certainly could not expect, while travelling post haste, in a stage-coach, to delineate the map of a country; he must, therefore, have republished the old maps with their defects; or if, with his limited means of research, he attempted any improvement, he must necessarily have run the risk of creating additional inaccuracies. His maps, moreover, are something of a riddle, from the peculiar orthography which he has adopted. For instance, the map representing the environs of the city of Mexico, is studded with the word *carmino*, which completely puzzled us; for our Spanish and English dictionaries gave no clue to its explanation. In the Latin we found a word something like it, and signifying *verse* or *poetry;* whence we concluded, at first, that the environs of Mexico were very poetical, a conclusion which every one will admit who has read the adventures of Cortez; but a gleam of light soon made its way into our bewildered intellect, and we recollected that our friends of Virginia often tamper with the letter *r*, and know how to thrust it into words that do not recognise it. All at once the poetry of *carmino* disappeared, and being transformed into *camino*, presented no-

thing more than the idea of a road, which is no doubt a very common thing in the vicinity of Mexico.

According to us, Mr. Gilliam holds a very gloomy theory on the necessarily existing affinity between civilization on the one side, and pestilence and bile on the other. We will allow him to speak for himself, that the reader may the better appreciate his philosophy.

"The sickness of Vera Cruz is attributed to the increased intensity of the sun's heat, reflected from the high white sand-hills, that overlook the town, as also from the poisonous vapor which arises from the stagnant waters of the lakes and swamps which surround the city. The venomous insects that infest that hot region add likewise in no small degree, by never leaving the inhabitants to repose, and constantly causing feverish excitement and irritation, to promote disease; yet, it is asserted in history that, previous to the discovery of Mexico, and long after its settlement, the mortality as now known at Vera Cruz had not its existence; and thus, but in another instance, exhibiting the fact that, wherever the white man erects his habitation and plants civilization, pestilence and bilious maladies are his consequent accompaniments."—*Pp.* 38, 39.

The following passage will be read with considerable interest by the amateurs of a proper chemical nomenclature, and a correct mineralogy. Mr. Gilliam was on a visit to the mines of Zacatecas.

"The sulphate of iron pyrites is often mistaken by the ignorant for gold. There were also some iron pyrites containing sulphurate of silver. . . . . These specimens were contained in what the officer called slate rock, but a gentleman, more scientific, told me that the proper appellation of it was green stone, the abundance of which covered the mountain in many places."

The last specimen of Mr. Gilliam's philosophy that we shall present to our readers is the new theory which he gives in relation to the growth of the Maguey, which by the way he calls *Maqueg*, even in a quotation from Mr. Prescott:

"The Maqueg was meat, drink, clothing, and writing materials for the Aztec! Surely never did nature enclose in so compact a compass so many elements of human comfort and civilization."

This plant, the botanical name of which is *Agave Americana*, is remarkable for its growing in a dry soil. Mr. Gilliam saw it grow on stone walls, and he thus continues his remarks:

"How then does this plant sustain itself? The regions of the upper table lands are arid and dry; for no moisture can be detected in the atmosphere, day or night, during the dry season, apart from the lakes and rivers. How then does it exist? Is it possible that, without earth, clinging only to the rocks to hold its upright position, it must receive its nourishment from the gases of the atmosphere? Doubtless nature, in its economy, designed that the periodical southwest winds that sweep over the plains and mountains during the dry season, from the Pacific, brings with it moisture from the ocean, and thus supplies vegetation with hydrogen, although the human eye and feeling cannot perceive it."—*P.* 268.

From this passage it is plain that Mr. G. went through a course of chemistry, at least in his early days. His views of hydrogen gas, however, are rather obscure. Does Mr. G. suppose that hydrogen comes naturally from the sea? If so, he may also recollect that this gas, when mixed in a certain quantity with air, and placed in contact with a lighted candle, produces an explosion! Mr. G. might have found, on consulting his books, that water exists in a comparatively dry atmosphere, and that water and carbonic acid are contained in the air in sufficient quantity to account for the growth of such plants.

Mr. G. is occasionally very sentimental and poetical. The following extracts will exhibit some of his happiest inspirations. Speaking of the scenery, on entering Mexico, he says:

"To realize the grandeur of the view, would oblige any one to see it for himself. I solicit the reader to picture to his mind two lovely villages, in sight at the same time—one in the plain beneath him, the other sitting, like the queen of cities, on the slope of a towering height; while the silvery tide of a pure, foaming and bound-

ing stream waters the valley beneath. At the same time, the tolling of the bells, from the many cupolas of the villa in the valley, came sweetly echoed back by those of the village on the mountain in the distance, in tones just heard—like the scarcely audible melodious strains of the Æolian harp, to charm the weary to sleep, and the sleeping to dreams of elysium, and the traveller from the bosom of his family and home."—*P.* 66.

The following comparison appears to us to be a great effort of poetical genius:

"The Madre Monte is a vast mountain, having hundreds of smaller ones piled upon her broad bosom. By a perception of the imagination she seems in sportive magnificence to fondle and cherish her nestlings at the bleached and pure white nipple of her breast.—*P.* 307.

It may not be uninteresting to give a brief illustration of Mr. Gilliam's attainments as a linguist. Of the Spanish and French we should perhaps say nothing, as he frequently apologizes for his limited knowledge of those languages. But by way of diverting the reader, we will present here two passages, one containing a Spanish, and the other a French word. Our author was enjoying a dinner, after a long ride in the public stage.

"There was also a bowl of chili on the table, which my friend intimated to me not to touch—but I had no idea of letting an opportunity slip of tasting every food used by the Mexicans; so I helped myself to a couple of spoonsfull of the stewed red pepper, and having *walloped* a piece of my meat in the chili, with the hope of taking the goat flavor from it, I then applied it to my mouth. But a hard time I had of it, for my tongue felt as if it had been seared by a red hot iron, yet I continued to nibble and turn over the sauced meat, from side to side, with the hopes of finally conquering the fiery portion, and of making a quick swallow of it; as the tears trickled down my cheeks the diet refused to go to my stomach, and fell back again into my plate. (!!)

"My friend, convulsed with laughter, held his hand between myself and the vessel of water, and shouted—*bina! bina!* Not understanding what he meant, I began to think that he intended to insult me, by eating of what he intended to be a private dish; but I was not kept long in suspense, for a bottle of claret wine was introduced, and a Mexican girl popping the cork out in no time, filled a large glass and offered it to me to drink; and as the astringent draught passed down my throat, I not only thought that it was the best wine I had ever drank, but felt as if a brand had been snatched from the eternal burning."—*Pp.* 175–6.

Mr. G. having seen Gen. Canalizo, president of the republic pro tem., in his coach of state, observes:

"Gen. Canalizo had his coach literally fringed and covered with gold; and I hardly knew which the most to admire, the splendid uniforms of his coachmen, or that of his own. But for the fact that the dictator, instead of the driver, wore the *shopo*, and was seated within, I would have mistaken that Yankee, mounted on his seat like a golden throne, for the dictator pro tem. of the republic of Mexico."

The reader must have been greatly amused, in these passages, by Mr. Gilliam's substitutes for the words *vino* and *chapeau*.

The Latin language appears to have engaged the early attention of Mr. G., for he tells us of

"A farm of vast extent, covered with green verdure, having multitudes of stock feeding upon it, and attended by herdsmen and shepherds, which would forcibly recal to the mind of any individual the days of the Latins, so poetically described by Virgil in his Georgics."—*P.* 68.

He seems to have delighted in reading the prince of Latin poets; but we fear that he has grown rather rusty in his knowledge of Latin, and would do well to review his grammar. In the passage just cited, he is enchanted with the *green verdure* of the fields. Has he forgotten that *verdure* (from the Latin *viridis*) is always green? Green verdure sounds to us like *dark darkness*, or *white whiteness*. On another occasion, Mr. G. quotes us the following Latin sentence: "*Non fecit taliter omnia* (!) *natione*," which, he says, he read in some church of Mexico. Had the clergy placed this inscription on the walls of any church, we should have more reason to blush at their ignorance than at the

pretended immorality which is imputed to them. If Mr. Gilliam had examined the inscription more carefully, he would have found it thus: "Non fecit taliter omni nationi;" "He hath not done in like manner to every nation." The conjugation of Latin verbs seems also to have escaped the memory of our author. On arriving in Mexico, he says:

"My first care was to find Gen. Thompson's residence, and deliver to him my despatch from Judge Upsher, secretary of state, U. S., and my commission for the usual *exequator* from the Mexican government."

Mr. G. tenaciously adheres to his peculiar orthography of *exequator*, and we should infer from this that the letter *u* is rather obnoxious to him, as he has discarded it alike from the name of Judge Upshur, and from the last syllable of the Latin verb. The following is also an appropriate illustration of his proficiency in the Latin grammar. He is speaking of an occasion on which he was introduced to two young ladies by a Mexican fellow-traveller. Mr. G., it will be remembered, did not speak Spanish:

"All having become seated, and tranquillity restored, my friend turned again to me, and in his manner inquired if the ladies were "good." To which he did not seem satisfied with my general assent to his interrogation, but wished me to particularize which was the best; and accordingly thus understanding him, I rose from my chair, and, crossing the room, took my seat by one of the three, at the same time declining the Latin degrees of comparison, "*Bonus, major, maximus,*" (!!) which appeared to divert and please the whole party."—*P.* 185.

We were not a little diverted at this outburst of Latin erudition. We would, however, humbly suggest to Mr. G. that the degrees of comparison for *bonus* (good) are *melior, optimus*, and not those which he applied to the ladies, which signify, *bigger, biggest!!* We would hint, moreover, that Latin adjectives should agree in gender with the person to which they relate. Thus, in applying the preceding degrees of comparison to ladies, we would say, *bona, melior, optima.*

The reader need scarcely be informed of Mr. Gilliam's peculiar style in English, as the preceding quotations afford ample evidence of his thorough acquaintance with grammatical rules. It would be an endless task to sum up all the singular beauties of elocution in the work before us. Mr. G. is very fond of using the word *position* as a verb. Thus we read of a lady *positioned* between two interesting Mexicans. In another place, he says:

"This cathedral is also the tomb of Iturbide, whose remains are deposited in a box, and *positioned* against the walls of the cathedral."

The following graceful inversions are worthy of notice; "as I progressed, I was soon brought in bold view, by my close contact, with the lake region;" and again, speaking of a Spanish Jesuit, he says: "He was interred at Santa Cruz, where he had died, in a vault of one of the churches;" and, finally, "food and sleep were my next wants, and, in their turns, I happily devoted myself."

We shall add but one extract more from Mr. Gilliam's work before we take leave of him. One of the concluding remarks of his book is this:

"The Catholic church has no where so corrupt a priesthood; it is the policy of this class and the rich to keep the lower orders in ignorance, in order that they may prostitute them to subserve their selfish and unworthy purposes. There are probably not five thousand females out of the population of eight millions who can read and write."

Such being the case, we are naturally led to ask whether Mr. G. himself was not educated by Catholic priests; for he seems to have been kept in a wanton ignorance of spelling, grammar, syntax, English, Latin, French, Spanish, and every thing in point of language. When *men* in the U. States write like Mr. Gilliam, there should be some indulgence for Mexican females who can not read or write.

We have dwelt too long upon Mr. G's performance to have much space left for the review of the second work which heads this article, "The Recollections of Mexico, by Waddy Thompson, Esq., late envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary." Fortunately, it is unnecessary to say much on the subject, as Mr. Thompson has written nothing on Mexico that had not already been said hundreds of times before him. The only thing worthy of notice in his volume, and which renders it superior to other works on Mexico, is the *superior* title of the author, who was an "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary" of the United States. In consequence of his high station and his attention to official duties, Mr. Thompson had no time, or at least no thought, when in Mexico, to collect documents and gather materials for the composition of his work, as he himself informs us in his preface; and hence he now favors the public merely with his recollections of the country, whilst Mr. Mayer, who was only a secretary of legation, and Mr. G. who filled the modest office of consul, provided themselves with copious notes and documents for the works which they contemplated publishing. Mr. T., for this reason, often quotes Mr. Mayer, and moreover he gives his full sanction to Mr. Gilliam's narrative, to judge from the fact of its being dedicated to him. In point of style and literary merit, Mr. W. Thompson ranks far below our townsman, Mr. Mayer, and very little above our author from Virginia.

Mr. Thompson could not resist the temptation of trenching upon theological ground and entering the field as a religious controversialist. It seems to us that in the questions he had to settle between the two governments, and within his sphere, he could have found matter enough for his volume, without introducing theological subjects which are equally foreign to both governments. We readily concede to Mr. Thompson the title of "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary" in political affairs, but we must assure him and the public that in the religious arena, where he pretends to rise up as a champion of truth, he cuts a very ridiculous figure indeed: we have not read more vulgar declamation against Catholicity than that which has been employed by our "envoy extraordinary;" we know of no weaker and more *impotent* arguments than those alleged by the "minister plenipotentiary." We can not resist the temptation of citing one or two instances. On the subject of indulgences, Mr. W. Thompson consulted his washerwoman (!) in Mexico, and from the answer of this female divine, he managed to derive a vast deal of theological knowledge, which he presents to his readers as a rich discourse on Catholic superstition. We would think it beneath us to follow him in the absurd, vulgar, and so often refuted charges which he has preferred on this topic. Speaking of the eucharist, Mr. T. uses an argument against the real presence which he considers unanswerable, namely, that *rats on one occasion ate the consecrated bread*. We are really surprised and pained to witness so much ignorance in such elevated rank. If Mr. T. were to see a church struck and consumed by lightning, he would, no doubt, conclude forthwith that there is no God, because on the one hand the Scripture tells us that a church is the house of God, and on the other, experience would prove that God does not protect his own house. There are blasphemers in the world; but according to Mr. T's reasoning, if there is a God, he should not allow them to insult him. What nonsense will men utter when they undertake to speak or write on subjects in reference to which they have never taken the pains to inform themselves.

THE DEPARTED.

"If to golden harps ye're singing
Songs of home above,
One sweet branch, a token bringing,
Let the heavenly dove
Show me that your upward winging
Broke no tie of love."—*Miss H. F. Gould.*

PLAINTIVE MINSTREL! fondly yearning
For the spirits flown
To the land whence a returning
Earth hath never known,
Sweetly dost thou crave a token
From that world of light,
Telling that no link was broken
In their upward flight.

Cold philosophy would teach us
Friendship ends with time,
That no love-sought boon can reach us
From that radiant clime.
Sombre were the hues of mourning.
Lonely hearts might wear,
If the incense on them burning
Could not enter there!

Shall we deem their pow'r no stronger
Now that sin is o'er?
When the clay weighs down no longer
Can they love no more?
If their smiles with goodness teeming,
Blest us while they stayed,
Doubly tender *now* th're beaming
When in light arrayed.

To the Christian soul descending
Comes the heavenly dove,
Bringing peace, divinely blending
Faith, and hope, and love;
Faith, the healing word hath spoken,
To the aching heart,
That no sacred ties are broken
When the loved depart!

CECILIA.

CLARION, *Pa.*

PÈRE JEAN, OR THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

A CATHOLIC STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Concluded from page 490.)

CHAPTER XI.

The Wreath of Wild Flowers.

AHASISTARI and his foes were struggling; the combat was fierce; but, one by one, the Mohawks were overpowered or slain, and the Hurons were left undisputed masters of the village. The noise of battle had ceased; only the moan of pain broke the stillness of the scene. Few but the wounded and the dead were there besides themselves. Their chief looked around in vain for the Jesuit and the novice. He called out their names; they did not answer. They searched the village; none were there but the feeble, and those who were unable to fly. They turned in sorrow to the fires of torture. Bound to his stake, supported almost upright by his bands, like life but for the crushed and bleeding brow, was the dead body of the gentle novice. Softly they loosened the cords; softly as if, even in death, they would not ruffle the placid slumber of those pale and delicate features. They laid him down upon the turf, and sought again for the Jesuit. He was not there. Catching up a burning brand, Ahasistari examined the edge of the forest; suddenly he uttered a low exclamation, and darted into its depths. The glare of the torch, as its flame tossed wildly in his swift course flitting past the dark trunks of trees, looked like a red meteor in its course.

The Hurons silently gathered their dead from the field, and laid them down by the body of the young novice. Then they stood around them solemnly. A few moments passed thus in stern meditation; when, gliding noiselessly into the group, and pressing aside the rest, two figures approached close beside the body of the novice. A low but joyful exclamation welcomed them. Father Laval heeded it not. The steel axe, which Ahasistari bore, was yet dripping with warm blood; it told the Hurons the story of the rescue. One by one came back the scattered warriors from the pursuit, and, last of all, Leloup and Daring Scout. Father Laval knelt beside the body of his young companion; tears dimmed his eyes, and the voice of prayer, which arose from his lips for the departed spirit, came broken with sighs and indistinct with grief. Torches of blazing pine, placed by the silent Hurons at the head and feet of the dead, were sending up their bright flame, capped with dark clouds of smoke—fit emblem of the life of man. Around knelt the Christian warriors, mingling their prayers with those of the priest of God. The countenances of the Huron braves were stern and solemn; no other mark of grief appeared upon them. Kneeling at the feet of the departed were Leloup and Watook, and behind them the stern scout. As he looked upon the pale features of the novice, a tear stole silently down his hard and weather-beaten face, and clung amid the scarred wrinkles until it mingled with the air, and arose to heaven, carrying with it, like perfume, to the skies the unspoken prayer of the melting heart. L'Espion Hardi was thinking of the gallant son whom he had thus buried in the forest. A hand touched him lightly upon the shoulder; when he looked up Ahasistari

stood beside him, and beckoned him to follow him. After they had gone some distance from the spot, the chief paused, and, pointing to the group, said:

"L'Espion Hardi is of the race of the pale face. It becomes him to look to the burial of his dead. See! the good black-gown is wrapt in sorrow! the words of the chief would disturb his spirit. The braves will bury their brothers!"

"Huron, I am but a rude forester. I have lived in the woods till I am like the Indian rather than my own blood and race"——

"Good!" said the chief, nodding his head approvingly; "Daring Scout is the brother of the Hurons!"

"Chief," continued Pierre, "the youth must be buried like a Christian white man."

"The Hurons are Christians," said the Indian slowly.

"True," replied the scout; "your brothers must not be turned into the earth like the heathen Mohawk!" The Indian assented, and the scout continued: "We must bury them side by side with the youth!"

"Huron and pale face—all the same in the ground—all the same before God!" said the chief earnestly.

"Not the same here on the earth though!" said the scout, clinging to the idea of the superiority of his race.

"No? Indian tell truth! Indian don't steal; he loves God and prays to him; what more pale face?"

For a moment the scout was silent; at length he said: "True, Huron, but the pale face is richer and stronger; he builds splendid cities, makes fine houses, wears rich clothes, drinks costly wines." The scout ceased as he caught the meaning glance of the Huron's eye. But that look passed away in a moment, and Ahasistari said solemnly:

"What good all that—there and *there?*" as he pointed to the earth, and then to the sky. The scout was silent, and the chief, turning away, said: "Let us go!"

"Yes, it is time to dig their graves;" and the two entered the forest.

"It shall be," said Ahasistari, "where the foot of the Mohawk shall not tread upon them."

Selecting a suitable spot, the Huron and the Frenchman turned up the sod with their hatchets, and, in a short time, had scooped a resting place for the dead. Then they retraced their steps to the village, and joined the group. Rude biers were made of the branches of trees strewed with the softest foliage, that the lifeless corpse might repose gently there. In one of the lodges had been found the sacks in which, slung upon their shoulders, the missionaries carried their vestments and the sacred vessels in their journeys through the boundless forests.

In his white surplice they robed the gentle novice; in that pure garment in which he had so often served at the holy sacrifice they wrapped him for the solemn burial. His hands were meekly crossed upon his breast. They raised him sadly, and laid him on his bier; they lifted it and strode forward.

At that instant a slight female figure pierced through the group, and gazed for a moment on the face of the dead. Then she placed a wreath of wild flowers upon his brow, and, starting away, the wail of the Indian girl arose for the departed.

Bearing torches in their hands, the procession wound solemnly into the forest, and paused beside the new made grave. Slowly and carefully they laid him in his silent resting place, while the light of the torches beamed upon his angelic face, and, reflected from the glowing colors of the wild flowers on his brow, his cheek seemed to bloom with a tinge of life. He had passed into death suddenly, in the midst of prayer; its heavenly radiance still hovered around the chiselled features. Beautiful in death, crowned with the wreath of flowers, and robed in unspotted white, the young martyr lay, a halo of unearthly glory seeming to the wrapt beholders already to glow around his brow. By the side of the gentle novice they

stretched the scarred forms of the two Huron warriors. In silence their brothers laid them down to mingle their dust with one of another race, yet one in faith, and hope, and charity; one by the bond of that church which gathers alike all souls within her fold.

"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine!" arose in the deep voice of the priest, and the Hurons responded.

O! how solemn was the burial ceremony there, in the hour of midnight, by the wild gleam of torches, under the forest trees, with the dusky forms of the Hurons grouped around the grave.

It was done. Upon the cold bosom of the dead fell the clodded earth, which was to be the dwelling place and home of the body until its mouldering dust should mingle with it. Carefully they replaced each sod, and, above the whole, strewed the fallen leaves again so skilfully that it might never more be found save by those who now looked upon it. As they finished, a figure flitted from the spot; the Indian maiden had been gazing on the scene. In silence they wended their way back to the village, Ahasistari and Leloup in the rear, covering every footstep, and removing every trace of their passage. When they had reached the centre of the village, the chief addressed the priest:

"Father, there is little time to spare; the routed Mohawks may reach the nearest villages of their tribe by daybreak, and we have many days' march before us!"

"I am ready, my son," said the Jesuit sadly, for the death of his young companion weighed heavily upon him. As he spoke, Morning Flower stood before him, and, in a low tone, mentioned the name of Kiskepila, and pointed to his lodge. The Jesuit followed her thither, while the Hurons made their preparations for departure, gathering all the arms at the village, and destroying them, and loading themselves with a supply of corn for the march. Father Laval found the young Indian stretched upon his couch, his face covered with his hands.

"My son," he said, "be not cast down!" The Indian looked up proudly; but the glow of spirit passed in a moment from his cheek, and he said:

"The home of Kiskepila is destroyed; his people are slain, and he must lie upon his bed helpless as a woman! Bid the Hurons come; Kiskepila would die!"

At this moment Ahasistari entered, and stood behind the Jesuit; all was ready for departure, and time was pressing; but he waited patiently till Father Laval should conclude his conversation. As soon as the Mohawk saw him, he raised himself, and, with a look of proud defiance, said:

"Kiskepila is the young eagle of his tribe! the triumph of the Huron is but little without his scalp."

Ahasistari did not move; but the Jesuit replied: "My son, do not entertain such thoughts; the Huron does not desire to shed your blood. It is our sincerest wish to be your friends, and the friends of all men rather than their foes." The Huron chief assented.

After a pause, the Mohawk continued: "My people are routed; but they fled, not from the living, but from the dead! The blackgown called the great white warrior from the spirit land to rescue him."

Father Laval listened in wonder, and replied: "My son, this is some wild mistake."

"Champlain!" said the other; "Kiskepila heard the cry, and saw the warriors of his tribe turn like women from the face of the white man. Who could fight the dead?"

In a moment, the whole matter became apparent to the mind of the Jesuit. The division of opinion in the village, in regard to the policy of condemning so great a medicine as they considered Father Laval, had made the taunt of Kiohba remembered; and, when they heard the cry "Champlain!" and saw the assault led on by a white man, they believed that the challenge of Kiohba had been accepted, and that the great Frenchman had arisen from the tomb to the rescue. Whilst the

priest was endeavoring to explain this to the Mohawk, Ahasistari left the lodge, and in a few moments returned with Pierre.

"L'Espion Hardi," he said. The Mohawk looked upon the scout for a moment; then hiding his head in his hands, remained in imperturbable silence.

"Yes! L'Espion Hardi," said the scout, "that's the name the Hurons call me, and, if I had not been delayed in the swamp ground in getting to my station according to the plan of the chief; or, if he had held his fire a little longer until I gave the signal, not a Mohawk would have escaped."

"It is well," said the chief. "But L'Espion Hardi was delayed in the forest too."

"Ah, your Huron nearly missed the trail, but we came in time."

"Yes. Ahasistari was about to fulfil his oath, and go to die with his father at the torture fire, when the sounds of the coming braves struck upon his ear."

Father Laval addressed a few kind words to the Mohawk, and left the lodge. The Hurons bound all those who were left at the village; and, having heaped a mass of fuel upon the fires to impress any returning stragglers with the idea that a strong force was still there, leaving a broad trail to the edge of the forest on the south, then doubling and striking into its depth towards the northeast, hastened rapidly on their return.

The time which must elapse before any pursuit could begin would enable them to escape, provided Father Laval held out. The party under Watook had, in order to be sure of the route of the Mohawks, proceeded to the scene of the first encounter, and had there found the canoes which had been concealed in readiness for another foray. With fortunate precaution Watook, after observing the direction of the trail, had sent these barks up a stream which flowed into the St. Lawrence from the Mohawk country. Several days' rapid journeying, in which they sought little sleep or rest, brought them to the spot where the boats were concealed. Here they embarked, and, descending quickly to the St. Lawrence, turned their course once more with saddened and chastened hearts towards the Huron missions.

CHAPTER XII.

The Conclusion.

Years passed. Twice had the snows of winter fallen; twice the blossoms of spring had bloomed: summer was upon the land; and the fields and waters laughed in glad sunshine.

It was at the close of day that a group of idlers, resting upon the quay at Quebec, gazed out listlessly upon the waters, observing the motions of the boats passing to and from the few vessels lying in the river. Occasionally a canoe, paddled by Indians, would shoot out from the shore, and pass gracefully along the waters, as its occupants bent their course towards their settlements; for the Christian Indians had formed themselves into communities, and lived around their churches and their priests—the flock around the shepherd—within the borders of the province.

"The Indians are returning to their homes," said one of the group. "I thought they would have remained in town to-night; to-morrow is the festival of the Assumption."

"True," said another; "but they are returning to celebrate it at their own villages."

"They are very pious and devout," continued the first. "Their example is enough to shame the better instructed white."

"Better instructed!" said the second speaker with a laugh; "but that depends upon the sense in which you use the phrase. They are unsophisticated, it is true; and their pastors, the Jesuits, have succeeded in preserving them from the contamination which so often follows in the path of the white man in his contact with the Indians. They are untaught in

the world's learning, perhaps, and undervalue it; but I warrant thee, neighbor, they will repeat the Pater and the Ave, and the creed and the decalogue, with thee, and explain them too, as well as thou canst; and what is better still, neighbor, they practise what they have learned; a thing which you and I, and many more of the 'better instructed,' sometimes do not consider as necessary as we ought."

"Yes, I admit they are good and practical Christians—thanks to the zeal and energy and purity of life of their pastors."

"Is it not admirable, this courage and daring of the Jesuits, that led them into the forest to bring these wanderers to God?"

"They tell me," said another, "that in France there are some who begin to rail against the order as proud, intriguing—as seeking after wealth and power."

"Oh, doubtless! Yes, I have heard so, neighbor. They seek wealth in strange places; here in the forest, in China, in England on the scaffold. Yes, it is the wealth of heaven they are seeking! Ah, it would be a glorious thing to place one of these silken-robed revilers by the side of an humble Jesuit in the forest, beyond the great lakes, among the wild Indians, who have never yet seen the face of a white man. Give them both staff and scrip, and a wooden cross——"

"Aye, or bind them both to the stake, with the savage Iroquois around them, tearing their flesh and torturing them to death, as I have seen the Jesuit die, with a prayer upon his lips"—said a voice abruptly, and the speaker rose from a seat which he had occupied near the party, but concealed from them by some bales of goods, and turned his steps towards the town. A pause for a moment ensued.

"Who is that man?" asked one of the group.

"Ah, that is *L'Espion Hardi!*" said the defender of the Jesuits, whose name was Paul. "I have heard it said that he was out some years ago with a party of Hurons, who endeavored to rescue two missionaries from the Mohawks. It is a sad tale; but it so often happens thus in this wild land, that one can scarcely recall all the facts to mind. Yes, one they saved, Father Jean Laval; the other, a novice, was already dead at the torture fire when they became master of the village. The Daring Scout is right; bind the Jesuit and his reviler to the stake, and see who will die with the sweetest conscience and the most placid smile—see whose soul will best befit a martyr. Ah! it is the hour of death which proves the value of the past life—which tries its motives, and explains and illustrates them. That is the hour when cunning is of no avail; when wrong will weigh upon the conscience, and wring out the cry of horror from the soul. The death of one Jesuit is worth the whole lives of a thousand of their revilers. The dying of the one, and the living of the other, alike, are irresistible arguments in behalf of the assailed and the reviled.*

"The blood-prints of their martyrs have already rendered holy the borders of new France, and sanctified and dedicated to God the great valley beyond the western lakes. They have bought it with their toils and sufferings!"

"And this *L'Espion Hardi*—I have never seen him before—does he come often to Quebec?"

"It is very plain that you are not long of new France. Of late he comes frequently for ammunition, as he says: but he always calls at the house of the Jesuits: for during that event he formed a reverential affection towards the patient and enduring priest, which the rude hunter can not conquer."

"Then Father Laval is still here?"

"Yes," said M. Paul; "he returned from the Huron missions some months

* Compare the dying scene of the Jesuit martyr in China, in Japan, amongst the Mohawks, or with Abenakis—even upon the scaffold in the realm of Britain—suffering in the dissemination of religion, in the teaching of morality, with the life of an enemy of theirs, such as *Sue*, spent in sowing broadcast the seed of immorality and licentiousness, in spreading infidelity, in assailing Christianity, and battening upon sin and sorrow. Ah, it is glorious to have *such* enemies; they are their own refutation, their own condemnation, with all rational Christians.

since, and is recruiting his health, which was much shattered by the incessant toils and labors of a two years' mission among the wandering tribes, added to the effects of the sufferings he endured while in captivity among the Mohawks. But see! yonder come two canoes down the river towards the city; all that we have hitherto observed were leaving it."

The rest of the group directed their eyes up the river upon the objects indicated. Sweeping majestically around that point from which Father Laval had bid adieu to Quebec two years before, came two canoes, each urged by several rowers. Aided by the current they rapidly neared the town, until it was possible to distinguish the faces of the occupants. In the first canoe stood a young Indian of powerful frame. His head was ornamented with eagle feathers; his dress was a rich robe of skins, bound round his waist with a finely worked belt; his face was free from paint, and he was totally unarmed. Behind him rowed another Indian, the cross around whose neck proclaimed him to be a Christian. The second canoe contained a single male and two females; one youthful and beautiful, in whom the freshness of girlhood had ripened into fuller bloom. The other was older, and the hand of time had already scattered a few white hairs among her thick locks. At the bow of each canoe was fastened a green branch, the Indian symbol of peace and amity. The young warrior paused for a moment to gaze upon the growing city, and then bending again to his paddle, sent the light bark on more fleetly. The evening sun was still casting his glory upon the waters, when the bow of the first canoe grated on the sand of the quay below the lookers-on. The Indian warrior leaped ashore, and his companion drew the light bark upon the beach. In another moment the whole party stood together. Then the Christian Indian taking the lead, at a quick pace turned towards the town. It was too common a sight in Quebec to attract any extraordinary attention, and the party passed on unheeded. The young brave of the eagle feathers trod on in silence, scarce deigning to notice what to him must have been wondrous wealth and opulence, but regardless of all around he followed in the lead of his guide. At length the Christian Indian, a Huron, paused before a house of some size, and after looking about, as if to recognise the landmarks of the place, advanced to the door and knocked. In a few moments it was opened.

"A Huron captive from the Mohawks," he said to the janitor, "would see his father of the blackgown." The door was cast open, and they entered. After a little delay the superior came to them.

"My son, what is it that you wish?" he said to the Huron.

"My father," he replied, pointing to the young brave, "a Mohawk neophyte."

Long did the good old Jesuit gaze upon the powerful young Mohawk, one of that terrible race of Iroquois who had hitherto resisted the efforts of the missionary, and now heaven had sent one to his door demanding admission to the church.

"Yes; there is but one," he said, speaking half aloud, "who can speak the Mohawk and Huron tongue; and though in ill health, he is full of zeal. Stay," he continued aloud, "my children. I will send one to you who can speak your own language," and left the room.

The Mohawk remained cold and imperturbable, evincing no curiosity as to what had been said, or anxiety for the result, though he had closely watched the face of the speaker. The females of the party were not as impassive, but examined with wonder the simple decorations of the reception-room, looking with astonishment upon the few plain pictures which adorned the walls. At length a step was heard without; and, through the opened door, entered a Jesuit. His face was averted as he came in, but when he had closed the door he advanced towards them. It was Father Laval. His coun-

tenance was very pale and attenuated, and his hair was gray: for the toils of a few such years as his had been will touch with white as surely as the placid flow of many. Suddenly the impassive face of the Mohawk warrior lit up with a bright smile; a low exclamation of surprise broke from his lips, and he stepped forward to a spot where, from a window, the light fell full upon his manly form, and said:

"Blackgown!—Kiskepila!—Morning Flower!

The Jesuit clasped his hands, and looked towards heaven, for the memory of sad scenes came over his soul; but in a moment the cloud passed, and joyously he stretched out his hands:

"Welcome, Young Eagle! Welcome, gentle maiden. Sad were the scenes in which we parted; joyful is this hour in which you come back to me, like the fruit of my captivity."

The Indian maiden wept as she took the hand of the priest, and she said: "In spring-time and in summer, Morning-Flower has strewed fresh flowers over the grave of the young pale-face; and she has prayed there that the God of the pale-face would hear her. She has said, often—often: "Mary! Mary!"

"And heaven has heard your prayer!" exclaimed the priest.

"Kiskepila has thought many times upon the words of the blackgown," said the young Mohawk; and pointing to the Huron captive, he continued: "Kiskepila took the Huron captive; and he told him over and over the teaching of the good father, that he might not forget it. The Mohawks are at war with the French; but the Mohawk brave has come hither to be baptized. Kiodego has gone to the spirit-land, and Kiskepila is a chief in his village. Morning Flower often talked of the teaching of the blackgown, and would seek the father of the pale face. She has come with the mother of Kiskepila."

Father Laval learned that the Indian maiden, cherishing his instructions in her memory, and gaining further knowledge from the Huron captive, had refused to become the wife of the chief, except through the Christian sacrament: and to be received into the church the party had undertaken the long journey to Quebec. Kiskepila informed the priest that, after the surprise at the village and the departure of the victors, the Mohawks had not reassembled until late the next day; that then a strong party, with reinforcements from the other villages, had set out in pursuit, but that after an ineffectual chase had returned, having lost the trail upon the banks of a stream of water that flowed into the St. Lawrence; that he had explained away to them the cause of their panic, and had ever after maintained an ascendency among them, and led them on as their favorite war chief.

Father Laval then began to question the two neophytes upon the subject of religion. He found their dispositions good, and their instruction, so far as it had gone, solid and well understood. And after consulting with his superior, determined that they should be baptized on the morrow, as an offering to God, through the Virgin, on the feast of the Assumption, and as a dedication of the nation of the Iroquois to Christ under her invocation. Accordingly he placed the two females under the protection of the nuns of the Ursuline convent, with directions that the maiden should be further instructed and prepared, by means of an interpreter, for the reception of baptism and the sacrament of penance. In their own house Kiskepila and his two companions were sheltered—Father Laval that same evening attending the necessary preparations on the part of the young chief.

With the dawn of morning rang out the joyous peals of the church bells for the festival of the Assumption. The city was thronged; many of the colonists from the country had assembled to celebrate the festival in the capital. Crowds of strangers and Indians filled the streets. The military, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, were drawn out in

long array, preparatory to marching to the cathedral to assist at the holy sacrifice. At length the pealing bells again rang out, the solemn chant arose in the holy temple, the deep-toned organ swelled up its lengthened aisles. All Quebec had gathered there, for the rumor had gone forth that an interesting ceremony was to be performed at the conclusion of the bishop's solemn mass. The hour came. Kneeling at the baptistery, before the sacred font, were two figures, an Indian warrior and a female. Over the head of the latter was thrown a light veil of muslin, through which her jet black hair showed its glossy hue. She was clothed in a neat dress of spotless white. Beyond them knelt a crowd of mingled colonists and natives. Beside the sacred font stood up the Jesuit, Father Laval enrobed, and holding his missal in his hands. On either side were acolytes, with lighted tapers in their hands. The ceremony proceeded; it was finished; and with extended hands the priest bestowed upon them his blessing. The neophytes arose. In solemn procession they moved towards the altar. The priest entered within the sanctuary, and they stood before him. He joined their hands; he placed the sacred ring upon the finger of the maiden; he uttered the final blessing of the church upon those who worthily enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, and the affecting scene was ended. Tears gathered in the eyes of Father Laval as he uttered the last prayer. Two years ago that very day, upon the feast of the Assumption, he had run the gauntlet in the villages of the Mohawk. These two young souls were now before him, the first fruits of his toils and sufferings, through the merits of Christ, and he returned thanks to God for his goodness in sending him so abundant consolation. At this moment a Huron pressed through the kneeling crowd, advanced towards the Mohawk, and stretching out his hands, exclaimed:

"Kiskepila! there has been war between thy people and my people. Let the hatchet be buried. Let the tree of peace spring up, and the Mohawk and the Huron will rest together, like brothers, under its shade. It is the spirit of the religion which thou hast embraced."

"The words of the chief of the Hurons are good! Kiskepila loveth peace! He has come unarmed into the fortress of his brothers. The blackgown has taught Kiskepila that they are the lovers of peace, the merciful, and the forgiving, who are to be happy!" and the young Mohawk grasped the hand of Ahasistari.

"The lion and the lamb shall lie down together—it is true; the Mohawk and the Huron are friends," said a voice, and the figure of L'Espion Hardi was seen passing down the aisle of the cathedral with a sad and pensive step.

Together the two chiefs knelt before the altar, and with uplifted hands the priest besought blessings from heaven on the union, and peace thus made and cemented by the solemnities of his holy church.

"O God! I thank thee for thy ineffable goodness to thy unworthy servant!" exclaimed the Jesuit as he departed from the church with a happy heart. "Thou didst turn my steps from the beaten path to those who had already heard thy Gospel, to tread in sorrow and captivity the way to the darkened heathen; and thou didst there make me plant in sadness and suffering the seed which has this day, through thy grace, borne fruit in peace and joy. Thou guidest our steps and directest our energies. Truly out of evil thou dost bring forth good."

In that year a solemn treaty of peace was formed between the French and the Iroquois, and a mission was founded in the Mohawk valley. And although interrupted by outbreaks of the savages, and interrupted by wars, it constantly revived, until at a period of ten years later, "there, in the heart of New York, the solemn services of the Roman Catholic church were chanted as securely as in any part of Christendom."*

*Bancroft iii, page 113.

RITE OF ORDINATION.

(From the Dublin Review.)

The Rite of Administration of Holy Orders in the Catholic church. In English and Latin. Extracted from the Roman Pontifical. Published by lawful authority. Derby: Richardson and Son.

PRECIOUS to Catholic eyes, and dear to Catholic hearts, should be that glorious and time-honored series, of which this rich contribution is but the fragment of a specimen—the office-books of our holy church! The "Breviarium," with its ever-varying round of social and commemorative devotions, the bond of charity and intercommunion among the saints; the "Missale," with its right of ineffable mystery, the centre and cardinal point of all; the "Rituale," with its more private personal, domestic solemnities, hallowing our Christian pilgrimage from the cradle to the tomb; and, not least, the "Pontificale," wherein the church seems to speak as from her throne, clad in her glorious apparel, and wielding the ensigns of her royal power, but none the less the mother, because "every inch the queen"—what a repository is it, of holy words and august traditions, the records of saintly experience, the remnants of apostolic testimony, the offerings, rich, beyond the wealth "of Ormus and of Ind," which the tide of centuries has deposited on the shores of our favored mother-land, and those centuries, "the ages of faith!" And when from the amazement which follows on so vast an idea, we pass to a closer, yet withal reverent and loving, scrutiny of the contents of this richly furnished casket, that we may not rather say, this priceless reliquary; what thoughts must not the search suggest, of wondering delight, and deep entranced devotion! In the Lections, what treasures of heavenly wisdom; in the Antiphons, what a sounding of the depths of inspired writ: in the very Rubricks, what shrinking awe, what anxious forethought, what affectionate punctiliousness! Nay, even before any examination of details, is there not something significant and impressive in the very material bulk of this wonderful series? reaching as it does to nine or ten goodly volumes, and this without taking accessories into the account, in the shape of "Gradualia," "Antiphonaria," "Cæremonialia," and all those numerous adjuncts, hardly less authoritative than the office-books themselves, which illustrate in subordination to them, the mind of the church, or embody her interpretative counsels. It is in facts like these, more than even in the arguments of theologians, or the attestations of history, that some minds find the most persuasive answer to Protestant cavils. It is here that they recognise the fulfilment of those promises of stability by which the church stands guaranteed against the shocks of time, and the gates of hell. In the rites of divine worship it is that the creed, from a mere form of profession, becomes a breathing reality; in them the great dogmatic system of the church is no longer a record or a document, but lives in action. Hence it is, that they who wished to strike a deadly blow at the faith were, in their generation, wise enough to remodel the offices of worship according to the rule of what they speciously termed "the simplicity of primitive usage." But Catholics, on the contrary, discern, in the multiplicity of ceremonial provisions, one of the most impregnable defences of the faith, the evidence of their church's greatness, the secret of her strength, the pledge of her indefectibility. The creation of nature is not, like the work of the miscalled "reformers," loose and slovenly; majestically simple indeed is it in its results, calm and orderly in its movements;

but in its structure most curiously exact, most elaborately complicated. Philosophers and naturalists count it not below their dignity to write dissertations upon the circulation of the juices in a flower, or of the blood in an insect. Yet, as is the natural universe, such also is the world of grace and truth; sublime in its order, but complex in its machinery; and in both cases alike it is this wondrous intricacy which bespeaks a mystery, and seems to baffle the hope of substantial change or lasting impression. We may devastate districts, but we can not annihilate countries; we may lop branches, or even fell woods, but they grow again; or at any rate we destroy individuals without making any approach to the dissolution of the species. "Uno avulso non deficit alter Aureus," is perhaps the most serviceable of all trite quotations for the observer of nature; but no less familiar is it to the student of church history and the eye-witness of Catholic life. Some Christians solace themselves in passing moments of despondency, or fortify themselves against popular objections, with the remembrance of the church's triumphs, or the survey of her dominion; with the memorials of her age, or the tokens of her youth; ("jam senior, sed cruda Tibi, viridisque senectus;") some delight to think of her conquests among the heathen, some glory in her subjugation of the pride of kings; the heart of one beats high at the annals of her missions; the flame of another's devotion is fanned by the examples of her saints; and all these alike find in such congenial contemplations, among other and more directly spiritual effects, their answer to the sophistries of the age, or their solution of the perplexities of the moment. We, on the other hand, should be for recommending to those who might be tempted to doubt about the church's fixedness, the study of Gavanti or Merati, or of the Acts of the Congregation of Sacred Rites; and we can only say that, if our patient, after submitting faithfully to such prescription, should still retain any fears or any hopes, of the eventual triumph of Protestantism, we must set him down for either a very determined hypochondriac, a very desperate enthusiast, or a very shallow reasoner. He will conclude very differently from ourselves, if he think it either maintainable in philosophy, or consistent with experience, that the same church should be at once tenacious of a gesture, and negligent of a dogma.

The publication which has given rise to these reflections is, we believe, the first instance of an attempt to familiarize the less educated of the Catholic laity with some of the magnificent offices of the pontifical. We hail it, not merely for its own sake, but as it may be taken as the harbinger of bright and palmy days for the church of England. Sanctioned as it is by the "imprimatur" of our ecclesiastical superiors, it seems to betoken the prospect of a time when the celebration of those wonderful and soul-stirring rites which it discloses to English eyes, shall be no longer limited, as heretofore, to our collegiate chapels, where it is of course comparatively private, but introduced also, on fitting occasions, and with suitable accompaniments, into some of those large and beautiful edifices, worthy of the name of cathedrals, which have arisen, or are arising, in the different districts of the island, St. Chad's, or St. Barnabas', or St. George's. It will be a happy day for our poor country, when large bodies of devout persons, (and we should be far from desiring to exclude from the number *reverent and inquiring* Protestants,) shall have the opportunity of witnessing the magnificent and touching solemnities by which the Catholic church first admits within her sanctuary, and then raises step by step to her chief dignities, those whom she counts worthy of such her posts of honor. It is surely meet that the people, "whose servants they are for Christ's sake," should know under what solemn circumstances their clergy contract those high obligations which are, in a most real

and momentous sense, for their benefit; and we are glad to think that, awaiting the time when it shall seem fit to our bishops to hold their ordinations in some of the larger churches, the publication which we have now the pleasure of announcing, will furnish to all the means of that valuable knowledge.

In the mean time we do not forget, and we are far from wishing to underrate, the advantages which, in their turn, must accrue from the celebration of the rites of ordination within the precincts of our ecclesiastical colleges: advantages which, as we quite feel, are of a very rare and special kind. We refer, of course, to the edification of the younger students. Those indeed who have never enjoyed the real pleasure of assisting at this solemnity, at least with their prayers, in one of our college chapels, can form but an indistinct conception, we do not say merely how solemn, but how beautiful and affecting it is. These communities, as is well known, consist of those whom our bishops regard as in a peculiar manner the lambs of their flock and the children of their family—"filii sicut novellæ olivarum." They consist of youths of all ages, from eleven or twelve, perhaps, to two or three and twenty. A considerable, in some cases even the greater portion, of this interesting charge is destined for the especial service of the altar; and even those who are to be called to secular duties have an interest in the church, of which ordinary Protestants can form no idea whatever, and even the more religious members of the establishment but a very faint one. To take such humble part as may be allowed them in the offices of God's beautiful house, to help at the decoration of the altar on some high festival, or to strew the path of the blessed sacrament on the solemnity of its anniversary with the fresh flowers of early summer, or to bear the bishop's train, or serve the priest at mass: these, and the like, are the choice "treats" of a Catholic boy—the promise of which lights up his eyes, and the prospect of which mingles itself with his dreams; how different from the subjects which engross the thoughts of his Protestant coeval—the new pony, or the new shooting-jacket! Not that we mean to question our young Catholic's interest in such terrestrial pastimes as befit his age; for who so light-hearted as he at recreation time? who so nimble and adroit at hand-ball or cricket, at "cat" or bandy? But *his* highest, as well as purest, pleasures have their sphere in the sanctuary of God: "Domine dilexi decorem domûs tuæ," is the language of a Catholic heart even from childhood upwards—how often checked by the rude shocks of the world, or marred by the defects of education, it is not for us to say; but still native to him, so far forth as he is a child of holy church, and under the systems of instruction with which we happen to be conversant in England, encouraged to the utmost by the wise conduct of superiors, the sympathy of associates, and the "genius loci." In the Catholic church it is that the words come home, "Mallem esse abjectus in domo Domini, quam habitare in tabernaculis peccatorum." But if the prevalence of this spirit in the minds of our youth in general be a guarantee for their deep, breathless interest in all the holy functions of the church, what shall we say of the effects of an ordination upon those who behold in it the consummation of all their religious hopes, the best reward of their studious exertions, the crisis by far the most absorbing and eventful of their holy and happy career? How different the estimate which a Catholic youth forms of that solemn ceremony, or rather series of ceremonies, which is to plant him on the topmost step of the altar, from the idea which "ordination" commonly suggests to a student at one of our Protestant universities! With *his* most awful, and yet in one sense most consoling, anticipations, there are blended no fond dreams of earthly rest and bright domestic joy. For him are no visions of pleasant dwelling-places, sunny landscapes, and social cir-

cles; the poorly furnished attic, the simple and often solitary meal, the "burden and heat of the day," the quiet of the evening, and even the repose of the night, not secured against the visit of the penitent, or the summons to the bed of death—such are the concomitants of the Catholic priesthood, to which the college life of our students is the road, and the sacrament of holy orders the gate. These associations it is which shed so awful a beauty around the path of the Catholic priest: and the preparation is in keeping with the end. While the future guide of souls in the communion which usurps our titles, has despoiled us of our rights, and still enjoys the largest share of popular consideration in this island, is spending the first precious years of his life at a public school, or at one of the universities, distinguished from the candidates for a secular profession by no peculiar strictness of habits, simplicity of living, severity of dress, sacredness of study, or religiousness of occupation; encompassed by snares at the most critical of ages, without certain shelter and ordained safeguard; the companion of the wealthy, at least in their sports, possibly even in their debaucheries, and this from first to last; at school, at "the private tutor's," as the under-graduate, as the "resident bachelor," and so on almost up to the very eve of his initiation into responsibilities, the very thought of which makes serious men tremble: the Catholic priest, on the other hand, has his course chalked out in definite lines from the moment when aptness of disposition, or habits of devotion, or any other special token of "vocation" shall point him out to the eyes of his director as one whom his Saviour delights to honor. This crisis may be earlier or later in life; it is seldom so late as to leave fewer than four or five years for direct training, and for the most part it is so early as to allow even twice that number of years for the work of holy preparation. During this interval, how many and how powerful are the aids which this sworn liegeman of the cross enjoys towards the due cultivation of what divines call the "ecclesiastical spirit;" a phrase which to the ears of a thoughtful Catholic imports whatever is high in name, reverent in temper, chaste in affection, or devoted in action! For instance, between one and two hours of every morning of his collegiate life are consecrated to religious acts in common: prayers, meditations, and the holy sacrifice, with the regular opportunity of communion, of which all those in training for the church are found to avail themselves, not only on Sundays and feasts of obligation, but on feasts of devotion, feasts of patron saints, all feasts of our Lord and his blessed Mother, all days and anniversaries of domestic interest, amounting, as a general rule, to more than one besides the Sunday in every week, (and in some of the colleges the average is still greater;) besides this, the frequent use of the holy communion implies, of course, a corresponding recourse to the sacrament of penance. Nor is it easy, again, to appreciate the effect arising from daily and constant access to the house of God at other times than those of stated prayer; more especially of visits to the adorable sacrament, a devotion which is found, along with that of which our blessed Lady is the object, to lay extraordinary hold of the pure and affectionate mind of youth. When to this sum of regular, and, as it may be called, ostensible religion, we add exercises of a more private kind; when we recollect, also, that acts of study are usually preceded by prayer, and again, that the most anxious pains are taken on the part of superiors to regulate the amusements, and fill up the vacant time, of the students, as well as to block up every avenue of sin, and forestall every dangerous occasion—shall we not be supposed to have been rather sketching all the while an ideal picture of a right godly education, than describing facts of which every Englishman may become cognizant, who will be at the trouble of a visit to our chief collegiate institutions?

Such, then, is the moral training of a Catholic priest; and, as he approaches the goal of his ecclesiastical course, he becomes more and more intimately involved in the direct ministrations of the choir and the sanctuary. His first introduction to the awful vicinity of the altar is in the capacity of a server of the mass, an office anciently and properly confined to clerics of the order of acolyte, but now by general custom extended also to towardly, well-conducted, and "handy" boys. Our young ecclesiastic, again, will have been already initiated into his future ministrations by some experience in the duties of "ceroferarius" and "thurifer," offices which are sufficiently explained by their names. In colleges, too, where the bishop is a resident, or even, as must always be the case, a frequent visiter, one or more of the boys will be selected for immediate attendance upon his sacred person. Those of them, moreover, who have musical capacities and tastes (which are extraordinarily rife in the Catholic colleges), will be in request for the service of the choir. The older students will become eligible, in their turn, to the responsible posts of sacristan and master of ceremonies. The care of the sacristy is an especial object of youthful ambition. It involves the contiguity, though not always the contact, of those various treasures, often of most costly material and elaborate design, but deriving, of course, their principal value from their relation in various degrees to the altar on which our blessed Redeemer vouchsafes to repose in the august sacrament; the richly wrought vestments, the linen, of finest texture, and often curious work, and, more than all, the vessels, differing in sacredness according to their proximity to the adorable. Those articles, whether of linen or plate, which come in contact with the blessed sacrament, can not be directly touched, except as matter of necessity, or through express permission, by any who are not in sacred orders. It is the privilege of the subdeacon to brighten the chalice, and wash the linen which is used in the more solemn parts of the mass. The moral effect of such provisions upon the minds of those who are brought under their influence, can hardly be appreciated without experience. Those alone, whose high privilege it is to be conversant with the *routine* of a Catholic college, (for an occasional visit could convey no just impression of facts,) can attest how deep and instinctive a sense of reverence for holy things is cherished in the minds of our youth by their subjection (O yoke of sweetness! O bondage more blessed than empire!) to this gracious and subduing rule. Who that has witnessed it, can forget the gentle and loving care with which our students discharge these pious ministries? The light and noiseless step—so full of recollection, so significant of tenderness, cautious as in the chamber of the dead, yet cheerful as in the company of angels; the easy yet guarded gait, staid without stiffness, solemn without effort, free without negligence; the orderly movement, the delicate touch, the unstraying eye, the leisurely genuflection:—to suggest such images, is to give the opportunity of filling up a picture in the mind, to which every well-regulated place of Catholic education will furnish the original; and if natives perchance do not recognise its correctness so vividly as strangers, the reason is, we suspect, to be found in their greater interior devotion, which leaves them less opportunity, as well as less need, to look out in church for exterior incentives to edification.

The glimpse we have thus given, transient and superficial as it is, into the interior of one of our colleges, is almost necessary to the understanding of the offices of which we are about to present a brief analysis, for the sake of those, whether members of the church, or others, who may never have enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing their celebration, and have regarded them as exclusively the property and concern of ecclesiastics.

To be continued.

DEATH-BED OF TOM PAINE, 1809.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF BISHOP FENWICK TO HIS BROTHER AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

(Communicated for the U. S. C. Magazine.)

A SHORT time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness; and who told him, among other things, that in his wretched condition, if any body could do him good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress) whom I had received into the church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of the message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so: at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed upon a mode of proceeding with him.

We arrived at the house; a decent looking, elderly woman (probably his house-keeper), came to the door, and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests; "for," said she, "Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of different other denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic church." Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen, she opened the door, and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep; and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him; "for," said she, "he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep—'tis better to wait a little till he be awake." We accordingly sat down and resolved to await the more favorable moment. "Gentlemen," said the lady, after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine; for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he can not possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day, because he was told that if any one could do him good you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy, which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are heart-rending. *O Lord help me!* he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, *God help me! Jesus Christ help me!* repeating the same expressions without any, the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say: *O God! what have I done to suffer so much!* Then shortly after: *But there is no God!* And again, a little after: *Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?* Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him, and inquired what he wanted? *Stay with me,* he replied, *for God's sake: for I can not bear to be left alone.* I then observed that I could not always be with

him, as I had much to attend to in the house. *Then,* said he, *send even a child to stay with me; for it is a hell to be alone.* I never saw," she concluded, "a more unhappy—a more forsaken man; it seems he can not reconcile himself to die."

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room across the passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman; and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth: his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard; his countenance forbidding—and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken undoubtedly but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also flowed in the track, and left its marks on the pillow. His face to a certain extent had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. F. Kohlmann having entered first, took a seat on the side, near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily, without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, F. Kohlmann, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Catholic priests, and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking, that as Paine had been in France, he was probably acquainted with that language, (which, however, was not the fact) and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility, and could express his thoughts better in it than in the English.

"Mons. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre intitulé, *L'Age de la Raison,* ou vous avez attaqué l'ecriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et d'autres de vos écrits publiés en France: et je suis persuadé que"—Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice, ordering him to speak English, thus: "Speak English, man, speak English." F. Kohlmann, without showing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself nearly as follows, after his interruption, in English: "Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled the Age of Reason, as well as other of your writings against the Christian religion; and I am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir"—

"That's enough, sir, that's enough," said Paine, again interrupting him; "I see what you would be about—I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and J. C. to be nothing more than a cunning knave and an impostor."

F. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent and to trouble him no more. "I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you."

"The Bible, sir," said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, "is a sacred and divine book, which has stood the test and the criticism of abler pens than yours—pens which have made at least some show of argument, and"—

"Your Bible," returned Paine, "contains nothing but fables; yes, fables, and I have proved it to a demonstration."

All this time I looked on the monster with pity mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that, in a very short time, he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him. Seeing that F. Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: "Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and that this God can not be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures." "I will allow nothing, sir," he hastily replied, "I shall make no concessions." "Well sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment," said I, "I will prove to you that there is such a Being; and I will demonstrate from his very nature, that he can not be an idle spectator of our conduct." "Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room." This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so that he foamed at the mouth. "Mr. Paine," I continued, "I assure you, our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly: because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this, we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual."

Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than any he had hitherto used, he replied: "You can do me no good now—it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect" (this he spoke with a sigh) "but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have, indeed, told me as much." "You have misunderstood me, said I immediately to him, "We are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty, on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected his word, and uttered blasphemies against his Son." Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury; he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol, he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. "Begone," says he, "and trouble me no more. I was in peace," he continued, "till you came." "We know better than that," replied F. Kohlmann; "we know that you can not be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked. God has said it." "Away with you, and your God too; leave the room instantly," he exclaimed, "all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and, if I had a little more time, I would prove it, as I did about your impostor Jesus Christ." "Monster," exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, "you will have no more time. Your hour is arrived. Think rather of the awful account you have already to render,

and implore pardon of God; provoke no longer his just indignation upon your head." Paine here ordered us again to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice; and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. "Let us go," said I to F. Kohlmann, "we have nothing more to do here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him."

Upon this we withdrew both from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his own thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and correct account of this transaction.

I remain your affectionate brother,

(Signed)

† BENEDICT, *Bp. of Boston.*

OUR MARTYRS, No. II.

PETER MARTINEZ, S. J., 1565.*

FEW years after the death of Father Cancer, another laid down his life for the faith in the territories of the United States. It was Father Peter Martinez, of the Society of Jesus. This new order, destined to take so prominent a part in the affairs of Christendom, was but formed when its little troop of members descended from the mount of martyrs to scatter their scarce united forces, and, each in himself a host, to advance to the conquest of the world; and they "were seen to rush to the holy conquest of souls on all the most distant points of the globe with the great and venerable families of St. Dominic and St. Francis, to mingle on the unbelieving ground their sweat and blood."

On the 22d of July, 1565, St. Francis Borgia was chosen general. One of the earliest members of the company, his missionary labors commenced at an age when most men think only of quiet and repose. As duke of Gandia, he had filled many offices in the state, and was one of the most honored of Isabella's court, and, at her death, was the grandee selected to attend the body to Granada. Here it was necessary for him, according to the custom of the realm, to open the coffin to identify the body. The awful change a few days had wrought in her, one of the greatest sovereigns of the time, showed him the true value of earthly greatness, and he resolved to abandon the world, resigning all his dignities. He became a Jesuit, and had scarce been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the general Lainez, when the king, still impressed with the duty of converting the Indians of Florida, entreated him to send twenty-four members of the society on that mission to carry on the great work. The general, unable to detach so many, sent out two priests of great learning and virtue, Peter Martinez and John Rogel, together with a lay-brother, Francis of Villareal.

Father Peter Martinez, to whom, as superior, this mission was confided, was born in the hamlet of Feruel, near the town of Celda, in the diocess of Saragossa. He was at first a secular priest, and, being a man of great learning, was a regent in philosophy. Being nearly related to the archbishop of Granada, the highest preferments were within his reach, and there was none of which his piety and ability did not render him worthy. But

* Authorities—Tableaux des signales personnages de la Campagnie de Jesus, par Pierre D'Oultreman, Douay, 1622, part 2,—Ensayo Cronologico, p. 120,—El Ynca Historiade Florida, lib. vi, c. 22.

he renounced all these flattering prospects, and became a religious of the company in 1556, and here he learned a philosophy, nobler far than that to which his earlier days were devoted—the philosophy of the cross.

In the expedition fitted out against the African states in 1558, under Count Alcandeta, he was sent, as a chaplain, to the forces; but he and the other fathers, by the count's direction, stopped at Oran to attend to the hospital.

The expedition failed, having been entirely cut to pieces by the Turks; indeed none returned, those who survived the fatal campaign having been made prisoners.

Earnestly as Father Martinez desired martyrdom, it was not here that the dearest wish of his heart was to be gratified; his stay at Oran had, under Providence, saved his life.

On his return, he was employed in other missionary duties, down to his appointment of superior of the Florida mission, an appointment which shows the high opinion of his virtues entertained by St. Francis, and is an eminent proof of his sanctity.

This station he joyfully accepted, foreseeing, as it were, that this was the field where he was to gain the crown to which he aspired; and almost his last words to the celebrated Franciscan, Father Lobo, at Seville on the eve of his departure, were, "Oh, Father Lobo, how I long to shed my blood at the hands of the savages for the faith, and to bathe with it the shores of Florida."

The fleet set sail on the 28th of July from San Lucar; their voyage was very pleasant till they had almost reached the coast, when by a stress of weather the Flemish vessel, in which the Jesuits were, was separated from the fleet. They sailed northward, on the 14th of September came within two leagues of the shore; but as they had relied altogether on the Spanish vessels, they had no means of ascertaining their position, nor the direction in which the Spanish settlements lay. The only plan was to send a boat on shore to inquire of the natives; but here an obstacle met the captain; none of his crew would go in the boat. At last, however, nine Flemings offered to go, if Father Martinez would accompany them in their attempt. He instantly leaped into the boat, followed by a Spaniard named Flores and the Flemings, and they put off to the shore. They had scarcely reached the land when one of the sudden storms of those latitudes arose, which drove the vessel out to sea. The condition of the party on land was now extremely critical; they had left the ship, without food or a compass, or articles to trade with the Indians, by which they might procure food, as they had left the ship in the certainty of a speedy return. As they were unable to find a single human being at that place, and yet were unwilling to leave it, expecting as they did that the ship would put back at once, they remained there some time, suffering greatly from hunger, which they could find nothing to appease but grass and roots. They at last gave up in despair, but Father Martinez finally persuaded them to take to their boat. They now coasted along northerly, about twenty-four leagues, landing occasionally, but finding no one. At this place, however, they found in a grove of pines some huts, and in one of them a large fish. Although they suffered greatly from hunger, Father Martinez would take only half of it, not knowing but that their unasked for trade might deprive of food some as hungry as themselves. They left a coat and some beads in exchange, and again proceeded on their way; the next day their hearts were gladdened by the sight of men; they met five Indians who, learning from the signs made by F. Martinez, that they needed food, brought them some fish. Some figures cut from the parchment cover of his breviary seemed to please them highly, and as their hunger was stayed, the party sought information as to

their route. The Indians were friendly, but they could give them no information; an old man was found, however, who told them that after passing three Indian villages, they would find a settlement at the mouth of a river.

Encouraged by this they put off in high spirits, and passed two of the villages, when on a little island, then called Tacatacuru, they saw some Indians fishing; from them they procured some fish, and were about to put off again when the Flemings insisted on landing; Father Martinez remonstrated, but in vain; they leaped on shore, leaving in the boat only the father and Flores.

They were scarcely on shore when one of the fishers ran off, which made those in the boat suspect trouble: in a few moments their suspicions were realized, for about forty Indians appeared armed with bows and arrows. Flores wished Father Martinez to put off; but he would not; he saw the risk of delay, but he saw that the danger of those on shore was incomparably greater. He called to them, and waited till all were in the boat; they now attempted to put off, but it was too late; twelve Indians rushed into the boat, and taking Father Martinez and three Flemings by the shoulders, sprang into the water with them, and dragged them, nearly drowned, and much injured, to the shore.

Father Martinez knew well how this was to end, and as soon as he got on shore he knelt down, lifting up his hands, as well as he could, to heaven; a few moments after an Indian struck him so heavy a blow on the head with a club that he instantly expired. The desire he had made known to Father Lobo was accomplished.

His death took place on the eighteenth of September, 1565, within three leagues of San Mateo, a Spanish settlement at the mouth of a river which then bore the same name, but is called the St. John's.

He was the first Jesuit who entered the territory now embraced in the United States, and, like Father Jogues, the first who entered it from the north, consecrated the land by his blood. J. D. S.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Italy.—The popularity of Pius IX still continues to be manifested by the most unbounded expressions of loyalty. We copy the following particulars from the *Tablet*:

"The *Augsburg Gazette* publishes a letter from Rome of the 5th inst., mentioning that the pope had received an autograph letter from Louis Philippe containing expressions of the highest esteem for his holiness. A letter from Sinigaglia announced the arrival in that city, from Corfu, of twenty-five refugees, who had availed themselves of the late amnesty. They were welcomed by the inhabitants with the liveliest joy, and the refugees requested the pope's brother, Count Mastai, to express their gratitude to his holiness. The enthusiasm of the people of Rome had even manifested itself in the fashions. The ladies in their dresses, &c., preferred the pontifical colors of white and yellow, and the men also wore cravats of the same colors. The *Cologne Gazette* of August 16th inserts some Italian correspondence, stating that several states of Italy, feeling alarmed at the liberal measures adopted by his holiness, had addressed a note to the Austrian government on the subject. The latter, it was stated, had made representations to Rome, and much curiosity was felt in Italy to know whether Pius IX would long persist in his measures of reform."—*Times*.

"Letters from Rome of the 18th inst. state that the sacred college offered every possible opposition to the measures of reform contemplated by the pope and Cardinal Gizzi. His holiness, however, was not to be deterred from his purpose, and various improvements in the civil administration and the organization of the

municipal councils, long claimed by the population, were in progress of preparation. One of the cardinals having observed to the pope that, if he did not alter his system, the people would demand a constitution: 'And why should I not accede to their desire,' replied his holiness, 'if a constitution was necessary to the welfare of my subjects?'"—*Ib.*

"The *Constitutionnel* publishes an Italian correspondence which states that the pontifical amnesty produced a most lively feeling of joy throughout Italy. At Turin, groups of persons assembled in the streets, and cried 'Pius IX for ever!' The Neapolitan government did not approve of the amnesty, and caused the frontiers to be more strictly guarded than ever."

The education scheme, framed by the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, having been submitted to the consideration of the holy see, was condemned.

The Ronge Movement.—A few months ago the Protestant journals of Europe and America were ringing the changes in Catholic ears, about the wonderful reformation, which Ronge and his compeers, like other Luthers, were to effect among the people of Germany. But the whole affair has ended in smoke, assuming the usual cast of all Protestant developments in Germany, downright infidelity. The following extract from the *Morning Herald* will show the character of the party, which not long since received a joyful welcome from the Protestant world.

Burlin, July 27.—We have news of the result of the synods of the congregations professing the apostolical faith, which has been held at Schneidemuhl; and it is most afflicting. So unblushing was the denial of the saving truths of the Gospel manifested at this meeting, that Dr. Jettmar and his lay coadjutor withdrew in disgust before its sittings terminated. They represented the apostolical flock in this city, and in spite of all the persuasions and exhortations which Christian love and faithfulness could urge, were unable to prevent the meeting from repudiating the confession of the Holy Trinity, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the personality of the Holy Ghost. Not only did the members protest against the adoption of the three œcumenical creeds, but even treated the Apostle's Creed with slight. The Godhead of the Saviour having become the subject of discussion, the Rev. Mr. Port, of Posen, who acted as president, asked whether any one present really believed that Jesus Christ was very God? And upon one of the Berlin deputies replying that he believed it, and was as fully convinced of it as of his own existence, the president treated the asseveration with scorn and contempt. Again, when the Berlin deputies earnestly besought the assembly not to reject the Apostle's Creed, and to abstain from abbreviating it, the same individual observed that it contained "arrant nonsense." One of the deputies called upon Czerski to use his influence to discountenance so unscriptural and unbefitting a remark, and to support the opposition raised by them in behalf of the apostolical symbol. He answered that he saw nothing objectionable in the remark; and for himself was averse to all confessions (symbolicism), and should vote for the doing away with all creeds, and the adoption of the Bible as the only standard.

Dr. Thirnen was also present, and proposed a confession for the congregation of the Grand Duchy of Posen, which is of so equivocal a character as to suit almost every shade of belief, and the meeting adopted it.

England.—The triumphs of Catholicity continue among the English people in the form of conversions from Protestantism. Every packet brings intelligence of new converts to the church.

Death of the Right Rev. Dr. Epalle.—The following is the account of the bishop's death, as furnished by Captain Richards, the commander of the Marian Watson: schooner Marian Watson, at Astrolabe Harbor, Isle of St. George, December, 1845. In lat. 8° 31′ south, long. 159° 41′ 46″ east. Tuesday, 14th December,—At 7.30 a. m. Bishop Epalle, Messrs. Fremont and Chauraine, with a lay brother, left the ship in the whale boat, in charge of the second mate and four hands, for the purpose, as they had been two days previous on the Island of Ysable, to see if they could find a place adapted for a settlement or station. About 10.30 the boat returned to the ship with three severely wounded, having been attacked by the natives. On getting the bishop on deck, and his wounds examined by Mr. Guior, we found there were no hopes of his recovery, having received four large cuts on the head, and all clean through the skull, so as to expose the brain. Mr. Fremont, with two wounds, and the second mate with one, which had the appearance of being done

with a tomahawk. The account of this melancholy affair I got from Mr. Chauraine, the bishop's secretary. On landing they saw some natives, all armed; one of them, who appeared to be a chief, came to the boat, and wanted the bishop's ring. The second mate and our seamen also landed, and walked up the beach, the natives coming still out of the bush towards the boat. This chief asked for a tomahawk, which the second mate gave, as he did not like his appearance. By this time several natives had got about the boat, and taking particular notice of the fire-arms. It appears no one paid any attention to the natives being all dressed or painted as natives generally are when they are for war—and the first alarm was the bishop crying out, and a yell from the natives running out of the bush. The second blow the bishop fell, at which time three or four natives were round him. Mr. Fremont and the second mate made for the water, and the report of a pistol from the boat saved them from sharing the same fate. Mr. Chauraine most ably fought his way through this mob of savages with stones only, and got to the boat, when he seized a cutlass, and fearlessly risked his own life to go to the assistance of his lordship, whom they were dragging along the beach, tearing his clothes off, when, at the second report of a musket and pistol, they all ran off into the bush. It appears that these natives are well acquainted with fire-arms, as, on the signal being given, they tried to heave up the boat, and others wetted the arms with salt water. The bishop departed this life at four P. M. on Friday, 19th December, but never took notice or spoke after being taken into the boat. On Saturday, the 20th December, at five A. M., we all left the ship, and buried the body about six A. M. The grave is close to a place marked on the French charts, Debarcader—the outer point of Astrolabe harbor, and the highest peak near Cape Prieto, on the Island of Ysable. On one of the small stones along the grave is the mark ✝ where lie the remains of John Baptiste Epalle, bishop of Sion, Vicar Apostolic of Melanesie and Mieronisie.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.—The mode in which the "evangelical" author of this lying or romantic history has contrived to make money by not only the original, but by even the translations of it into French, English, &c., is truly amusing, and the efforts which so many Protestants have made, by clubs and societies and otherwise, to scatter the poison far and wide, should shame Catholics into some life and animation to circulate extensively the antidote—the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding's triumphant answer—to this heap of misrepresentation, in which the truth is suppressed, and falsehood is given with such brazen impudence.—*Tablet.*

The Evangelical Alliance.—This singular convention met in London on the 19th of August, and closed its sessions on the 3d of September. From the report of its proceedings in our American exchanges, we are left to infer that Protestantism has gained nothing by this extraordinary meeting of its jarring sects, while it has given the world at large, as we hope to show in our next number, another evidence of its discordant nature, not more palpable, however, than amusing.

Ireland.—The recent divisions in the Repeal Association, by the secession of Young Ireland, or the party who advocate in some way the doctrines of physical force, is likely to prove ultimately beneficial to the cause, by exhibiting still more prominently the real principles and aims of Mr. O'Connell and those who are united with him in promoting the liberties of the country. The *Tablet* says: "We are glad to find means taken to restore amity and peace among the councils of the Irish people. Many, avoiding extremes on both sides, have laudably come forward to remove the discord which the question of physical force had created. The meeting and speeches at the Castle Ward in Dublin deserve some notice. Whilst moral force, in its just and proper meaning, is enforced, no compromise of nationality is recommended. It is the rallying word to give the people full hope and confidence in the justice of their cause.

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Ordinations.*—On the 16th August, the Rev. Thomas Foley, deacon, was ordained priest, and appointed to the pastorship of Rockville and its dependent congregations, in the place of Rev. Mr. Gallagher, who has joined the Society of Jesus.

On Sept. 3d, another ordination was held in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, when several young gentlemen were admitted to the tonsure and minor orders.

Confirmation.—On the 30th August, the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed seventy-five persons, at St. Peter's church, Washington city.

Religious Profession.—On 2d September, at the Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore, Sister CLARA AGNES (Frances Jenkins) was admitted to the holy profession. The Most Rev. Archbishop performed the ceremony and preached on the occasion.

Dedication.—The new church, for the German Catholics of Washington city, was blessed by the Most Rev. Archbishop on the 7th of September, under the invocation of the Mother of God (Mater Dei).

Clerical Changes.—The Rev. Mr. White has been permitted by the Most Rev. Archbishop, in consequence of feeble health, to retire from the active duties of the ministry. Letters and papers for Mr. White may be directed to the care of Mr. John Murphy, 178 Market street, Baltimore.

Rev. John P. Donelan has been appointed to the pastorship of St. Vincent de Paul's church, Baltimore, and will be assisted by the Rev. Michael Slattery. Rev. Wm. D. Parsons has become the associate of the V. Rev. Wm. Matthews, at St. Patrick's church, Washington city, in the place of Rev. James Donelan, who has succeeded his brother in the pastorship of St. Matthew's.

Foundation.—The Sisters of Charity having retired from *St. John's Female Academy* at Frederick, the institution will hereafter be conducted by the sisters of the Visitation. Ten members of the community, at Georgetown, recently repaired to Frederick for this purpose.

Young Catholic's Friend Society.—The following persons were elected members in September: George Slater, John S. Sumner, Thomas Carroll, Joseph A. Walter, Thomas W. Coyle.

Preparatory School for Boys.—We are much pleased to learn that a boarding school for boys, from four to ten years of age, has just been opened in the suburbs of Baltimore. An institution of this kind has been a great disideratum amongst us since the discontinuance of St. Francis Xavier's, near Emmitsburg, which was so prosperously conducted by the Sisters of Charity; and we have no doubt that many parents will rejoice to have an opportunity of placing their children in such an establishment, where they will be trained, from an early age, to habits of industry and piety, and prepared in an efficient manner for a collegiate course. The institution to which we allude is located, for the present, at Mt. St. Vincent, on the Harford road, and will be conducted by Miss Meade, recently of Washington. Miss Meade is a lady whom we believe to be eminently qualified for the charge she has assumed, especially after having acquired the advantage of a long and successful experience in the education of youth; and we take great pleasure in commending her establishment to the confidence and encouragement of the Catholic community. For further particulars respecting it, application may be made to Miss Meade, through the Baltimore Post Office.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Laying the Corner-stone.*—On Sunday, 6th Sept. the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kenrick performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Cathedral, which is to grace the city of Philadelphia. An immense concourse of persons was present, and the greatest order prevailed on the occasion. $1,100 were collected towards the building of the church.

Dedication.—The *Catholic Herald*, from which we learn the fact above stated, informs us also that on the 13th Sept. the new church of St. Mark's, at Bristol, was dedicated to the worship of God. The Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer preached on the occasion, and $175 were collected.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Spiritual Retreat and Confirmation.*—A retreat was commenced at Utica, August 30th, and closed on the following Sunday, during which the Rev. Fathers Deluynes and Petit, of St. John's college, Fordham, were most actively engaged in preaching and administering other spiritual blessings to the numerous concourse that flocked to the church. Several converts were baptized during the retreat, and at its close the bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to four hundred children and adults.—*Truth Teller.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—*Confirmation.*—The sacrament of confirmation was administered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, on Sunday, August 23, at St. John's church, East Cambridge, to seventy-two persons, twenty-five of whom were adults.—*Boston Pilot.*

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—*Ordination.*—On Thursday, 17th Sept., Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor

conferred the first tonsure on Messrs. Michael Creedon, and Joseph Gallagher. On Friday the same gentlemen received minor orders, and to-day were promoted to the holy order of subdeaconship.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Reception.—September 15th, the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, assisted by the Very Rev. Walter Quarter, vicar-general of Chicago, and some of the clergymen of the city conferred the white veil on three ladies at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy on Penn street. The postulants were Miss Anna Lombard (Sister Paula), Miss Eliza Corbitt (Sister Clara), and Miss Margaret Quinn (Sister Patricia). This very prosperous and well-doing community numbers at present about *thirty-four* members.—*Ibid.*

New Churches.—We learn from the same source, that *fifteen* new churches are in progress of erection in the diocess of Pittsburg, and arrangements are made for commencing ten others early next season.

Diocess of Louisville.—*Ecclesiastical Retreat.*—As notified in our paper, the retreat for the clergy was opened on the 27th of August, and closed on the 3d of September. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Father Timon, and followed by most of the clergy of the diocess. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Chabrat was also present.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Ordination.—On the 26th of August, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget held an ordination in St. Louis church, when John Voll received the order of deaconship.—*Cath. Advocate.*

The same gentleman has since been raised to the priesthood.

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Ordination.*—We learn from the *C. Telegraph*, that on a recent visit to the convent of St. Joseph, near Somerset, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell conferred the tonsure and minor orders on Albert Bokel and Vincent Daley. Mr. Peter Walker was ordained subdeacon, and Mr. James Whelan was promoted to the priesthood. The same paper furnishes the following particulars:

It is the intention of the Very Rev. provincial, T. A. Wilson, to commence the erection of a new convent, which is much wanted, at St. Joseph's this fall, and to convert the present convent into a college where the youth of the neighborhood will have the advantage of acquiring sound religious, literary and scientific instruction.

The sisterhood and school of St. Mary's, Somerset, are also flourishing. A beautiful Gothic chapel has lately been erected by those pious ladies, for their own and their pupils' accommodation, as well as that of the devout people of the vicinity—and the zealous father O'Brien is building a noble church, some hundred by sixty feet, at St. Patrick's, seven miles from Somerset; he is to commence a similar building at Rehoboth, as soon as this labor of love is completed.

Confirmation.—One hundred persons were confirmed at St. Joseph's, Somerset, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell; sixty-three at Rehoboth, forty-three at Lancaster, fifty-five at St. Patrick's church, Perry county, forty-three at St. Patrick's, Fayetteville.

Laying of Corner-stone.—The corner-stone of the church of St. Philomena was laid on last Sunday afternoon, August 23, by the bishop, assisted by Very Rev. E. T. Collins, and the Rev. Messrs. Huber, Hammer, Unterthiner and J. F. Wood.

Progress of Religion.—A correspondent of the *Pittsburg Catholic* states, that Catholicity is making rapid strides in the northern and western parts of Ohio. In the vicinity of Hanover, Columbiana co., the two churches erected within a few years past are entirely too small for the numbers that frequent them. Two new churches have been recently commenced.

Diocess of Chicago.—*New Convent.*—Yesterday, Sister Mary Frances Ward, superioress of the community of the Sisters of Mercy in this city, with Sister Mary Agatha O'Brien, who will be superioress of the new foundation in Chicago, Sisters Mary Vincent M'Girr, Mary Gertrude Maguire, Mary Eliza Corbitt, and Mary Eva Smidt, left here for the diocess of the zealous Bishop Quarter. They are accompanied by the bishop's brother, the Very Rev. Walter Quarter.—*Pittsburg Cath.*

Progress of Religion.—In the synod of Baltimore, held in 1843, it was resolved to separate Illinois from St. Louis and form it into a diocess, and the Rev. Wm. Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's church in New York, was consecrated as its first chief pastor. No selection could have been better made. In May, A. D. 1844, the new bishop arrived in Chicago, which, if we are to judge the tree by its fruit, very soon began to flourish. We have not ascertained the exact number of priests in the

diocess when Bishop Quarter took possession of his see, but they could not have exceeded six or eight, perhaps less. At present there are forty clergymen, eighteen of whom were ordained by himself, all actively engaged on the mission. Nor is this all. A new and splendid college, "The University of St. Mary's of the Lake," was erected and is now in a prosperous condition, bestowing the blessings of a classical and religious education on the youth of the city and surrounding country, while the good they receive is made a means of a still greater good, the maintenance of a flourishing seminary for the education of candidates for holy orders. Rev. Mr. Kinsella, who is president of this institution, is assisted by four other clergymen and a number of ecclesiastical students, thirteen of whom are studying theology. As an indication of the progress of religion throughout the diocess, over forty churches can be pointed out, some of them really handsome and exhibiting, like the church in Quincy, great taste in their architecture. Besides these there are eight other churches erecting. All of this good could not have been effected without great exertions on the part of the zealous bishop and his clergy. The city of Chicago is situated on Lake Michigan, and presents, we are told, to the voyageur on the Lake, the most lovely appearance. Like most of the western cities, it is of recent origin; but, though built in a day, it is a good day's work, and is likely to grow on for years. In the city there are four churches, two of which are occupied by the Germans, and the others by those who speak English. If from the past and present we can judge of the future, few places promise better than Chicago.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of St. Louis.—*Ordination.*—On Wednesday, the 26th August, the minor orders were conferred in the Cathedral, on Dennis Kenny, S. J., and on Patrick Fleming.

On Thursday, the 27th ult., the order of subdeaconship was conferred on Dennis Kenny, John Bax, and Ignatius Maes, all of the Society of Jesus.

On Friday, the 28th ult., the order of deaconship was conferred on the three last named fathers.

On Saturday, the 29th ult., the order of priesthood was conferred on Dennis Kenny, John Bax, Ignatius Maes, all of the Society of Jesus; on John Delcros, of the congregation of the priests of the mission, and on Francis Lahaye.—*Cath. News Letter.*

Diocess of Natchez.—*Dedication.*—On the 23d of August the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chanche, blessed a new church under the invocation of St. Peter, at Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi. A large concourse of persons assembled to witness the ceremony. The bishop preached in the morning, and the Rev. Mr. Montgomery in the evening.—*Prop. Cath.*

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Confirmation.*—On the afternoon of the Assumption, 15th August, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Blanc administered confirmation, at the female orphan asylum in the *Rue du Camp*, to twenty-six young persons, chiefly belonging to the institution. On the 20th of the same month he confirmed sixty-five persons in the parish of St. Bernard.—*Ibid.*

"Free Inquiry.—The Catholic Magazine, referring to the conduct of Mr. Hoyt, the Vermont seceder, says: 'They who have read the correspondence, as published in several Episcopalian journals, can not have failed to perceive that, in the course which Mr. Hoyt pursued, he only used a right which Protestantism concedes to all.'

"Undoubtedly it was his right, a right which no priest or bishop or church under heaven can take away, and which we are yet to learn that any Protestant Episcopalian, either in public or private, has denied him. But we ask if *Romanism* concedes this right? Would she or her advocates tolerate its exercise? No, indeed! She will not allow her members even to look at our Bibles, or to hear our prayers, or enter our churches. They must not even inquire whether their priests are infallible or no. And they are *wise* in so doing. Let them take off the penalties from free inquiry, let them open a single crevice by which light might enter the dungeon in which they imprison the minds of men, and countless would be the number of those who would speedily wander in 'the way which they call heresy.'"—*Episcopal Recorder.*

We take pleasure in answering the above proposed query of the *Recorder*, and we say that, if the Catholic religion were, like Protestantism, a system of mere individual opinions, she would censure no one of her children for reading Protestant Bibles and frequenting Protestant churches. But, as the Catholic believes that the church has been appointed by Christ the witness and expositor of his doctrine to mankind, and, consequently, that all doctrine and worship at variance with hers are opposed to the teaching of Christ himself, would it not be a folly and a sin in the Catholic, with these

principles, to frequent those occasions which might lead to the forfeiture of his faith? And would it not be equally inconsistent and cruel on the part of the Catholic church if she unconcernedly permitted her children to wander amidst the causes of spiritual seduction? For a Protestant, whose notions of religion have no other basis than his own opinion, there is some reason for a continual inquiry; every thing being doubtful in his mind, he may always have a sufficient motive for mingling religiously with every denomination. To him, one Christian sect is, in reality, as orthodox as another. But it is not so with the Catholic. He believes that there can be but one true church, and he believes, moreover, that he has discovered that church; and, therefore, his conscience does not allow him to exhibit himself as the advocate of all religious sects. Hence the remarks of the *Episcopal Recorder* about *free inquiry*, are altogether gratuitous; for the question resolves itself simply into this: an individual has either discovered the true church or not; in the latter hypothesis, he ought to investigate the subject, since the Gospel requires him to believe the truth in order to be saved; in the former supposition there is no need of further inquiry; he has only to obey the church, according to the *command* of Christ, who says: "he who hears you, hears me; he who despises you, despises me." To act otherwise would be a criminal folly, and just as inconsistent as the conduct of a patient, who, having determined to consult a certain physician whom he believes to be most entitled to his confidence, would question all he says, or listen to the varying opinions of other practitioners.

The Recorder, in its intemperate advocacy of free inquiry, has been misled into a remark, which, although true, has no bearing. He says: "they (Catholics) must not even inquire whether their pastors are infallible or no." Most assuredly not; why should the Catholic investigate what he already knows? Why should he examine whether the priest is infallible, when he *knows* that he is not infallible? Would it be a mark of much wisdom in him to do so? Does the editor of the Episcopal Recorder, after having risen from his couch in the morning, or from the table at noon, inquire whether he went to bed on the previous evening, or has taken his usual meals? The Catholic church is an advocate of free inquiry, but not of folly. So soon as an individual enters her communion he avows, by the very fact, that he has obtained all the necessary knowledge of Christianity which it is practicable for him to possess in this world, and therefore reason and religion equally compel him to stop in his investigation. And this, it seems to us, is a distinctive evidence in favor of the truth of Catholicity, while the endless freedom of inquiry advocated by the *Recorder*, is as strong an evidence against Protestantism. For the Catholic church fixes a limit to a man's religious inquiry, and tells him to halt when he has once discovered the truth; while Protestantism allows him to be ever wandering, always learning, always inquiring, and never attaining to the knowledge of truth. Free inquiry, in the true sense of the phrase, and the only sense which makes it worth possessing, is that which Catholicity recognises, which leads the Christian to the discovery of truth, and then bids him pause to enjoy its blessings and consolations. Free inquiry beyond this, supposes not a true liberty, but a fatal libertinism of reason, the necessary result of which is a cruel and unhappy bondage of the human mind.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.—The August number is before us. The editor, in noticing our late interrogatory, "Must then the Pope, too, pass through the fires of Purgatory," says, "Those who are not *pleased* with a purgatory, are very liable to go farther and fare worse."

Our readers are entitled to whatever *wit or argument* may be in the above, and we therefore lay it before them.—*Meth. Protestant.*

Your *readers* may be entitled to the "wit" in question, but the "Review" man is not entitled to the *credit* of that "wit." It is a stale, thread-bare, thrice-worn-out witticism—if wit it can be called—used by Catholics for years past, on all occasions when *purgatory* is spoken of. It is a short way of meeting an unanswerable argument by coarse wit. "If you don't like 'purgatory' you may go to———." This was the cogent reasoning of Bishop Hughes, years ago, and now of the "Review" man, and about as logical as it is religious.—*Nas. Chris. Adv.*

What says the Review now?

The Review will simply observe that the remark in reference to those who are not pleased with a purgatory, was intended neither as a *witticism* nor as an *argument*, but as the mere statement of a *truth*. If this truth is unpalatable to our neighbors, the fault is certainly not ours. If the church founded by

Jesus Christ teaches, as it does, that there is a purgatory, and that those who wilfully sneer at the doctrines of the Saviour will be rather uncomfortably situated in the next world, it can not be admitted that our remark is either *stale*, *thread-bare*, or *thrice worn-out;* it is a Christian axiom of daily application. For the same reason, it can not be denominated *coarse wit*, or misconstrued into a *malediction*. There is a very great difference between saying that the sinner, if he do not repent, *will be lost*, and expressing a *wish that he may* be lost. Whoever confounds these two things, with his eyes open, must be devoid either of mind or of honesty. We leave it to our readers to judge which of the two is wanting in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, while we take it upon ourselves to advise our neighbor of the Methodist Protestant not to lean again upon such a broken reed.

"The United States Catholic Magazine.—We were greatly surprised at the allusion to our journal by the last number of this respectable periodical, under the head of 'Conversions to Catholicity.' We are at a loss to discover in what respects our notice of a late secession from our church to that of Rome is destitute of 'common honesty and Christian charity;' or what evidence it exhibits that we 'take it for granted that a man must necessarily be deserving of vulgar abuse, if he follows the dictates of his conscience by embracing the Catholic faith.' Our notice was a simple announcement of the fact of the secession of the individual, and without the most remote allusion to the motives which influenced it. We feel particularly desirous that we should be placed right in this matter, because the *personal* relations which have existed between the individual referred to and ourselves have always been of the best and kindest description."—*Southern Churchman.*

It would pain us considerably to know that we had unjustly preferred an offensive charge against the *Southern Churchman*, or any other individual, and if such were the case we would hasten to make a due apology. But in reference to the matter of which our contemporary complains, we see no reason to retract what we have said. He tells us that his notice of Rev. Mr. Major's conversion to the Catholic faith was a "simple announcement of the fact," without the "most remote allusion to the motives which influenced it." In this we can not agree with the *Southern Churchman*, unless his views of *simplicity* in announcing things and alluding to people's motives, be of a very extraordinary character and widely different from what his language would lead us to suppose. The fact in question was thus stated by him, in his paper of July 10th: "*Romish Pervert.*—The last Banner of the Cross states that the Rev. Henry Major, &c." Now, we ask if it is not a want of "common honesty" and of "Christian charity" to designate, by the above-mentioned opprobrious epithet, a gentleman who had committed no other fault than that of embracing the Catholic religion, because he felt it to be a sacred duty to do so? In what sense could Mr. Major be termed a *pervert* or a *perverted man* by a Protestant writer, except in the supposition of his having acted against his conscience? Does Protestantism, or its advocate, the Southern Churchman, consider an individual to have become personally worse, or a *pervert*, when he has acted according to the dictates of his conscience, in changing his religion? By no means: in the eyes of Protestantism he has become better; he has only discharged a solemn duty, by renouncing what he believed to be a false religion. To call him a *pervert* under these circumstances, must therefore implicate his motives; the use of such an epithet implies a charge of guilt, of wilful error, which can not be *honestly* brought against an individual, when he is not known to have committed a wilful error. *A fortiori*, is the offensive epithet applied to Mr. Major by our contemporary, chargeable with a want of charity. As to the word *Romish*, it is a nick-name, a term of ridicule and reproach, and it is inconsistent with the rules of Christian charity or common courtesy to employ it in the designation of those who profess the Catholic faith. All this, we grant, may not have been intended by the *Southern Churchman*; but his language, in reality, is not the less obnoxious and injurious to the respectable convert of whom he speaks, and we sincerely trust that he may be led hereafter to some improvement of his phraseology. We might quote from more recent numbers of the *Southern Churchman*, passages more strongly confirmatory of our general charge against him, than the offensive expression relative to Mr. Major; but we forbear enumerating them, in the hope that the past may be no necessary indication of the future.

Catholics and Odd Fellows.—Our attention was called some weeks since to a paragraph in the "*Odd Fellow's Journal*," com-

plaining that one of their order was denied the rights of burial in a Catholic grave-yard. The article was quite an indignation affair, so much so that one would suppose the writer had nothing exclusive or selfish in his composition, nothing in his nature that would induce him to shut the door of his "*lodge*" in the face of any well-behaved citizen who might present himself as a spectator of its proceedings. He seems to have forgotten that "they who live in glass houses should not throw stones," that they who shut out *the living* from their "Odd Fellowship," unless they show a secret sign, murmur with an ill grace at Catholics who exclude from their grave-yards *the dead* who die out of the pale of Catholicity. Every Catholic who buys a burial lot knows that his purchase is subject to the canonical regulations of the church, and, if he violates any one of them, he forfeits his claim to Catholic burial. Every Catholic knows, moreover, that the canons of the church condemn *all* secret societies, and that he who attaches himself to one *ipso facto* excludes himself from the benefits of the church. Acting with his eyes open, he can not complain, when he has violated his part of the contract, of any wrong or injustice in the church which insists upon compliance with the terms of her deed or forfeiture.

Chaplains in the Army.—The Rev. Mr. McElroy is still officiating alternately at Metamoras and Point Isabel, while the Rev. Mr. Rey is at Carmargo, attached to General Taylor's staff. Many of the officers that have been sick have become converts to the church, and were regularly received as such by Mr. Rey within the last month.—*Freeman's Jour.*

V. Rev. Dr. Spalding.—A recent letter from this gentleman has brought us the gratifying intelligence that he is gradually recovering from his late severe and protracted illness.

Catholic Missions in Oregon.—The *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* has published a series of interesting letters from Father De Smet. Letters of the same import have been received in Baltimore, but, in consequence of the circulation which our respected cotemporary has given them, we deem it unnecessary to insert them in the Magazine.

(Communicated.)

Beauties and Consistencies of the Churchman.—One of the greatest curiosities in the way of pseudo-theology that have ever chanced to fall into my hands, is the number of the "Churchman" for Saturday, September 12th, 1846. It is the most extraordinary compilation of contradictions, and the most splendid specimen of criticism that has ever been thrust, in the shape of Protestant vindication, before an enlightened community. When I apply the epithet *splendid*, I mean it in its classical acceptation; as when, by the Roman satirist, it is used to qualify the word *mendax*, and, perhaps, as the most appropriate caption of this number, no better or more elegant quotation could have been selected than "*splendide mendax.*" In order to test the veracity of my assertion, and convince the reader that it contains not an iota of exaggeration, I will merely invite him to look through the paper with me, and take a note of the beauties and inconsistencies with which it abounds.

1. In the first column, a correspondent feels obliged "to expose the errors" of the Episcopal Recorder, with regard to the charge against "the first bishop of the American church." For this purpose, he does not hesitate to accuse its editor (whom he politely styles a "*scribe*") of *suppressing the truth.* A gentlemanly and ecclesiastical mode of treating a fellow Protestant—of the Anglo-American branch of the church Catholic; and, in concluding the article, he exclaims, in a truly fraternal spirit, "Oh! shame, where is thy blush!"

2. The second article is from "an humble presbyter of this diocess," who writes on the *Ember-days.* He very properly deplores the want of faith regarding the fulfilment of the duties of the church, and openly declares that, in flattering themselves, they are praying for the church, their *hearts are set on party.* He deplores a *feeling of jealousy existing between the clergy and laity.* He exhorts his brethren to apply themselves to prayer and fasting during the Ember-days; but he does not tell us when those days were first introduced into the church, by what authority, why some Episcopalians know of them, and others do not; why some few, very few, observe them (and these among the High Churchmen), while the vast majority regard them as remnants of "Romanism," and superstitious works of supererogation?

3. In the third article, a plain "country layman" takes the liberty to venture some pretty stringent suggestions on the subject of the approaching convention. He hopes to hear the expression of truth for truth's sake, and de-

precates the mere *tickling the ears of a promiscuous assemblage in the galleries by frothy declamations and appeals to the passions.* He says that *reproach and discredit have been brought upon that body;* that an attempt was made last year to *sacrifice the honest convictions of the clergy upon a shrine built of dollars and cents.* That *brawling and disgraceful efforts* were made *to force members* from their positions *by testing the morality of the convention.* That "last year," St. John's church was converted into an arena of *violence, confusion, and disorder.* Let the reader of such statements now form his own opinion of the respectability and order of such conventions. "Ex ore tuo te judico."

4. The next article is on the position of the "credence," and something about the "sedilia." How many worshippers at Dr. Tyng's church know, or wish to know, any thing about such antiquated things? If a lecture were delivered on this subject, either at Grace church, or St. Thomas, I much mistake the spirit of Episcopalianism if the members of both would not regard the minister as tinctured not a little with, I will not say Puseyism merely, but Catholicism. Will the Churchman favor us with Dr. Anthon's or Dr. Tyng's views of the "*credence?*"

5. The fifth article is on the "missions," and commences thus: "*The assumption of power* by the boards of missionary operations, as manifested by their late developments, demands the attention of our clergy and people." The missions, according to the writer, are a downright *failure*, and acknowledged as such by the "foreign committee," and he asks whether it is the *fault of the church*, or *of the systems they are seeking to graft on it?* Bishops, he avers, are *hardly respected.* What becomes, then, of *parish priests?* He pronounces, *in his conscience*, the whole system of missions a *false system*, and he concludes "that the bride of Christ to whom he has given the heathen for an inheritance is about, *unless special agents be sent out for* $500 *a year, or more a year*, to become a BANKRUPT! What a bride of Christ!!

6. After this bridal bankruptcy, follows a "popish" article on PRAYER FOR THE DEAD, a regular and set defence of the custom of offering prayers for the departed souls of the faithful. And this in the columns of the refined and *sublimated* "Churchman!" The argument is this: "We are to pray for all the saints: the departed faithful are saints; therefore we are to pray for them." Poor reasoning on a good subject. The following paragraph, however, is more sensible, and it is worthy the attention of Dr. Tyng himself, who would do well to bring it up before the next anniversary meeting in the tabernacle as issuing from the organ of his diocess: "Did Christ condemn the usage? No. Did the apostles condemn it? No. Did the early church discontinue it, or understand that it had been rejected by Christianity? On the contrary, *they continued it as a part of Christianity, a principle of the church.* How, then, can we condemn them of error in this matter? The use was in existence before Christ, and thought to be *praiseworthy.* Christ and his apostles no where spoke of it with disapprobation, but used language which justifies and adopts it into the Christian economy by inevitable inference, and the *early church was every where* in possession of it as a part of "the faith delivered to the saints." After this, what Episcopalian, who professes the ancient apostolical faith, will speak of the errors of popery, or of the fond conceits of schoolmen in adhering to, and practising this dogma? Sacrifice is as clearly taught by the early church as prayers for the dead.

6. The next article is headed "Romish Rebaptisms," written by some scribe who is not only uncandid, but malicious, as he is ignorant of the customs of the church. The Council of Trent, renewing the decision of the see of Rome, in the third century, decrees that heretical baptism is valid. That is to say, provided it be properly administered: but it has been the habit of ministers, not believing in the necessity of it, or not adhering to the requisite and sufficient application of form and matter, to baptize so negligently, that a reasonable doubt remains, whether the baptism has been validly made. Hence the practice in the Catholic church, not of *re-baptizing*, but of baptizing *conditionally*, all converts to the ancient faith. The individual who wrote this article desires the "Churchman" to give his views of this matter: before doing so the editor had better consult the opinions of many clergymen of his own church in England, who have publicly complained of the negligent and invalid manner that prevails there of baptizing infants. Their complaints were

published in the papers, and have vindicated the propriety of *hypothetical baptism*, as practised in the Catholic church.

7. The seventh is a "communication sent to the editor of the Protestant Churchman, *in correction of the* GROSS MISREPRESENTATION given, in his paper, as to the late convention of the diocess of W. N. Y." It is true, then, that Protestant Churchmen know how to *misrepresent grossly* one another. What have *we* to expect at their hands?

8. The eighth is a green spot in the desert of these columns. It is an honest recantation of past errors, made by a convert to the Catholic church, whose name the editor does not give, because it is too respectable and influential. "We are unwilling," he says, "to make a disclosure, of which the writer himself, it seems, does not perceive the propriety. Lieut. Scammon, I am sure, will never shrink from the view of the public eye, in the performance of his duty; and I therefore take the liberty of affixing his name to the production, which does honor to his head and heart:

"*Mr. Editor*,—It is somewhat more than a year since two communications on the 'papal supremacy' appeared in your paper over the signature of 'Σ.' I do not suppose that their *effect* was such as to impose the obligation of retracting arguments in whose soundness I no longer believe, but honesty seems to demand that I should at least *try* to make the acknowledgment of error as public as its promulgation.

"The argument to which I refer was based upon Fleury's account of the controversy between the African bishops and Pope St. Celestine, arising out of an appeal to Rome by a suspended or degraded priest. It was asserted that the character of the controversy proved the African bishops to have had no conception of such a supremacy as is now claimed by the Roman see; and from this, on the presumption that the existence of a power of such vast moment must be known to the whole hierarchy, it was concluded that no such power did exist.

"It is not my purpose to discuss this subject anew. It is sufficient to say that, as the whole controversy had reference to the regulation, *not of faith*, but of *discipline;* if it were admitted that the African bishops were justifiable in their resistance, and that Rome was encroaching upon the rights of other sees, in such a matter, it would by no means follow that the conclusion which I then sought to establish is true. Indeed, if I remember rightly, I endeavored to strengthen the probability of my conclusion by showing that the papal supremacy, of necessity, involved the papal infallibility, and *now*, if we substitute the *see of Rome* for the *Pope*, I doubt not that the assertion is true:—or that if one of these propositions does not *involve* the other, they are so co-extensive, that one being proved, the other follows of course. And in the exercise of that private judgment which *must* be the virtual guide of a Protestant maintaining opinions not generally received by his own spiritual teachers, it has since seemed to me that our blessed Saviour gives us a glimpse of that consequence in the remarkable words—'Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren.'—St. Luke xxii, 31–2. But, as I have said, I do not propose to discuss this question anew. As a Roman Catholic, I have not merely a theoretical oracle, whose dictum being never heard is ever open to discussion, but a living speaking teacher who requires of *me* only faith and obedience. Yet it may not be amiss to say that I have been long restrained from acknowledging this teacher, by, perhaps in some degree wilfully, shutting my eyes to all but one evidence at the same time. I have long seen that the church must be infallible—acknowledged the primacy of St. Peter, and of the bishop of Rome as his successor. Each of these doctrines has been taught by the earlier divines of the separated Anglican church. I have read the testimony of the early fathers to the immaculate faith of the see of St. Peter, and have known that the great body of Christians have acknowledged, and acted upon, the necessity of communion with the Roman see; but as neither of these and other like propositions seemed, by itself, sufficient evidence of the Roman supremacy, I have in time past been led to deny it;—not seeing what now seems so evident, that all, together, make a mass of evidence which may well be likened to 'a city set on a hill that cannot be hid.'" Σ.

The editor feels the secession of such a man from Protestantism. He even acknowledges that there are many testimonies of the Fathers

to the "*purity of the ancient faith of the see of Rome.*" But he roundly asserts that there are none touching the sacrifice of the mass, purgatory, &c. And this same editor admitted above a long article (Vth) in proof of *praying for the departed!* What consistency? The lieutenant might assure Dr. Seabury that the very arguments which have caused him to believe in the "immaculate faith of St. Peter," have led him likewise to believe in the mass and purgatory, &c. &c.

9. Then comes a desperate plunge against Dr. Anderson and polygamy, and a dissertation on good works (altogether unprotestant). Moreover, the "saints" of the Catholic church, revered by a "recent convert," as well able to decide on this matter as Dr. Seabury at least, are identified with "enthusiasts," and the morality of Dr. Anderson is confounded with Jesuitism. It is a fearful going against conscience in such a man as the editor of the Churchman to accuse the Society of Jesus, whose missionaries have been the admiration of even Prostestants themselves, with tolerating polygamy in her Pagan converts. What penance will be severe enough for him who has the mendacious hardihood to assert that "in America they declare the invalidity of marriage with a deceased wife's sister; abroad, they throw no impediment in the way *of having four wives or forty at a time.*" Would Mr. Newman—I put it to the honor and conscience of Dr. Seabury—go over to a church which taught such a system of morality?

10. But the most peculiar of all is the sapient article on "Thornbury Abbey." The reviewer winds himself up into a phrensy on this little book; and well he may, not only because he can not refute it, but for two other reasons: first, because it is the production of "some one of those who have left the church of England," and secondly, because it nullifies the boasted apostolic succession of the ministry of that church, by proving the invalidity of Parker, and, consequently, of his secession. By way of diverting the mind from the arguments alleged in the book, the critic talks of "love-making," and drinking "weak tea," and Dunigan's "green covered volumes," and "monkery," and "litanies," and "Roman craft," and all sorts of polite and gentlemanly things. Alas! the blindness of heart to which pride and jealousy devote such victims as the writer of this article, is a melancholy "dispensation of Providence" indeed. And when he talks of "holding a child in one hand, and *sprinkling water upon its face*," instead of pouring water that might flow, and thus really *wash* the infant's head, he only betrays the secret why the Catholic church re-baptizes "hypothetically." This "sprinkling" is too often insufficient for the necessary application of the *matter*, and yet the entire *matter* is indispensable to the proper administration of baptism. On the subject of Anglican ordinations can the critic answer these questions: In what records can the consecration of Barlow (a Zuinglian) be found? Did not Parker use every means to obtain consecration at the hands of Doctor Creagh, archbishop of Armagh, but in vain? Did he not, next, try to impose upon the weakness of the bishop of Landaff, who, however, was deterred by a threat of excommunication from Dr. Bonner, bishop of London? Whereupon Scorey, casting off his religious habit, presumed to go through a mock consecration of the candidates, by causing them to kneel around him, and laying the Bible on each of their heads, said: "Take thou authority to preach the word of God sincerely," and they rose up bishops! The "story of the nag's head" was believed as a certain truth, and was never contradicted until the year 1613, when Mason published their new Register. Stow privately testified to the fact, though not a word about this consecration does he mention in his chronicles; while he records that of Cardinal Pole, the immediate predecessor of Parker. I recommend to the Churchman those Hudibrastic lines of Ward:

> "In fine, their nag's head consecration
> Became the laughter of the nation,
> And to this day they are ashamed
> To hear their Cheapside frolic named;
> For as men looked upon those quacks,
> That prophecy in almanacks,
> So they were pointed at by all
> For prophets false as Balaal those of Baal:
> The wolf can not so trimly put on
> The sheep-skin as to pass for mutton!
>
> *Canto* II, *p.* 188.

Let the reader now judge for himself of the respectability and character of the Churchman; from the columns of only one number I have culled these *beauties and consistencies*. In order to keep this magniloquent "organ of the diocess," in its befitting position, before the public view, I will occasionally analyze its contents, after the manner of this communi-

cation. And from the "organ" the reader may, without much effort, form a tolerably correct idea of him who presides over its editorial department, nay, even of the character of the church, to whose interests it purposes to be devoted. PRESBYTER AMERICANUS.

(Communicated.)

NEW YORK CHURCHMAN AND THE SUPREMACY OF THE POPE.—Lieut. Scammon, whose conversion to Catholicity was mentioned in our last number, having retracted, in the columns of the *New York Churchman*, his previous essays against the papal supremacy, the editor of that paper has thought proper to accompany the retractation with a severe and unmerited censure of the writer, for which it is difficult to account. We can not see on what grounds a Protestant can, consistently with reason, equity, and his own principle of private examination, inveigh against him who has made use of his best judgment in his search after truth, and has conscientiously embraced it when known. It is but just, however, to make some allowance for the ill-humor of the *Churchman*. It can not be very flattering to him, devoted Protestant as he is, to see the Anglican church in its tottering condition, and the ranks of its members daily thinned by the secession, not only of such persons as Newman, Hoyt, etc., but also of many other distinguished men "whose names have not been publicly connected with the affairs of the church."

But the strictures of the *Churchman* call for a rigid criticism. Not to speak of the vague and unjust charges of usurpation or encroachments on the part of the holy see, charges which he can support only by fallacious argument; not to mention the odious and false light in which he exhibits the conduct of the two sainted popes, Zozimus and Celestine, in the affair of the priest Apiarius, or the undue confidence which he reposes in the French historian Fleury, who is assuredly an unsafe guide (from the treachery of his Jansenist collaborators) in what regards the extent and exercise of the pope's jurisdiction, if not its essence; apart from these questions, the *Churchman* has fallen into several inaccuracies in stating the fact on which he mainly relies, viz., the pretended denial and protest of the African bishops, in the fifth century, against the right of appeals to the see of Rome. 1. It is difficult to conceive how this particular point, even admitting the *Churchman's* account, can furnish any argument against the general supremacy of the Roman see, particularly when we consider that the African bishops referred to were the same who, a few years before the case of Pelagius and Celestius, had repeatedly appealed to the superior authority of the pope, *as derived from the authority of the sacred Scriptures.* (See Labbé's Conc. Gener., vol. ii, col. 1565-6.) 2. Even were it granted that some African prelates contested for a time (A. D. 419, 426,) the right of appeals to Rome, of what weight is their authority compared with that of the three hundred bishops of the council of Sardica in the year 347, and the six hundred of the council of Chalcedon in 451, by whom this same right was unhesitatingly acknowledged and proclaimed? 3. But it is not true, after all, that the former denied in reality the right of appeal to the pope; they merely manifested some reluctance at its exercise in certain cases, from the fact of their not finding among the canons of the council of Nice, nor procuring, in due time, the decision of the council of Sardica, which the Latins of the west quoted under a different title. But in no case did they contest the general right of the pope in matters of appeal; they merely requested him not to consider these cases too easily, and to lay them under greater restrictions. "We earnestly beseech you," says their letter to Pope Celestine, "that you would not too easily (*facilius*) receive those who go to you from our province, and admit to your communion those whom we have excommunicated. Your holiness will perceive that such is the definition of the council of Nice. For, although that council seems to adopt this precaution only for inferior clergymen or laymen, how much more did it intend the same rule to be observed in regard to bishops also, lest they who have been excommunicated in their province, be too hastily, too quickly or undeservedly readmitted to communion by your holiness—*ne à tuâ sanctitate vel festinatò vel præproperè, vel indebitè, videantur communione restitui!*" Does not this language suppose an acknowledgment of the right of appeals, at the same time that regulations are respectfully proposed for its application and exercise? The editor of the *Churchman* would have only acted the part of justice as well as of prudence, if he had made himself better acquainted with

the various circumstances of the alleged fact, before he ventured to utter so positive a judgment, or any judgment at all, upon the fact itself.

But what shall we say of the still bolder and stranger assertions with which he closes his remarks, that the early fathers bear no testimony in favor of "any doctrine or usage distinctive of modern Rome?" What then, we ask, was the motive which led a Duperron, an Obrecht, a Hurter, a Newman, and a host of other distinguished men in the ranks of Protestantism, to embrace Catholicity? Doubtless they came amongst us because they found all the doctrines and essential practices of modern Rome avowed by the early fathers: and lo! according to the *N. Y. Churchman*, the writings of the early fathers contain no such thing! Must he be informed that not only our great theologians (such as Bellarmine, Suarez, Bossuet, etc.), but even the smaller controversial works in use amongst us, (as Trevern's *Amicable Discussion*, Milner's *End of Controversy*, Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed*, etc.) are full of incontrovertible passages or references, drawn from ancient tradition, "in favor of the doctrines and usages of modern Rome?" How can the *Churchman* say that "no such testimony exists?" Is this a fair way of assailing the Catholic church and those who seek refuge in its bosom, or of endeavoring to prevent others from embracing her communion? Let the reader judge, (to use an expression of the *Churchman*,) which of the two is the more to be *pitied*, the respectable convert who has been attacked, or the *Churchman* himself, who has had recourse to such desperate means to defend a desperate cause? P.

Oregon Territory.—*New Bishoprics.*—The *Mélanges Religieux*, of Montréal, informs us that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Blanchet, vicar-apostolic of Oregon, on his recent visit to the holy see, requested: 1st, that the whole territory, from the 42d to the 54th degree of latitude, should be divided into eight diocesses, *Oregon city, Nesqualy, Vancouver's Island, and Princess Charlotte* on the coast, and *Walla Walla, Fort Hall, Colville*, and *New Caledonia* in the interior; 2d, that only two new bishops be appointed for the present, one for Walla Walla, having also under his jurisdiction the districts of Fort Hall and Colville; the other for Vancouver's Island, having likewise under his charge Princess Charlotte and New Caledonia; 3d, that the bishop of Oregon city have the administration of Nesqualy; 4, that the eight contemplated diocesses above mentioned form an ecclesiastical province, with Oregon city for its metropolitan see. The *Mélanges* further states that the holy see acceded to the wishes of Dr. Blanchet, and has appointed Rev. Modest Demers, one of the first missionaries in Oregon, bishop of Vancouver's Island. The Rt. Rev. Magloire A. Blanchet, of Montréal, has been appointed to the see of Walla Walla, and having already received his bulls, dated 28th of July, he will shortly be consecrated by Dr. Bourget, bishop of Montréal.

Since writing the above, we have learned that his consecration took place on Sunday, the 27th September.

The following was received too late for insertion in the proper place.

Confirmation.—On Sunday, the 13th of September, the sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Peter's church, Baltimore, by the Most Rev. Archbishop, to one hundred and twenty persons, several of whom were converts.

To Readers and Correspondents.—The article which commences this number of the Magazine, though rather long, will amply repay the reader. The writer has canvassed with equal learning and wit the numerous and gross errors of the authors whom he reviews, and there is no doubt that, had he heard of the new edition of *Mr. Mayer's Mexico*, which is now in progress of publication, he would have alluded to this gentleman's performance in a different tone from that which characterizes his introductory remarks. Our readers will remember that, shortly after Mr. Mayer's production first appeared, nearly three years ago, it was critically noticed in this periodical, and many of its inaccuracies were exposed by an able pen. It would scarcely be imagined that, after such an exposure, the volume would be issued again, with the same objectionable passages, at least those which were so distinctly exhibited as at fault with history and with the actual condition of the country to which it refers. Had the volume been abandoned to some of those pettifogging publishers, who have little or no concern for the truthful character of a book, provided it sells well, we should not be surprised to find in the

new edition the same errors that disfigured the original work. But the public will be somewhat amazed upon being informed that, although the work appears again under the eye of the author, and professes to be "revised and corrected," it is a mere reimpression of the matter contained in the first edition, with an account of the events that have transpired during the last three years. But all the errors of the first edition have been retained. Mr. Mayer does not hesitate to say in his preface: "I must frankly declare that I have found no cause to alter the statement of a single fact or opinion." Does he then believe that there is no *cause* for altering the statements of a book, when these statements are palpably erroneous? To mention only one historical blunder, that appeared in the first edition, does he think, as a good antiquarian, that he should still impose upon the ignorance of his readers, by telling them, p. 152, that the *wooden rattles* used in Mexico during the holy week, were of Indian origin? Was he not set right on this subject by his reviewer? Was he not informed that the wooden instrument alluded to, has been used in the Christian church, as a substitute for bells, from the remotest period? Was not this a reasonable *cause* for at least a further investigation of the subject on his part, which would have led to more accurate opinions, and furnished again just *cause* for an alteration of his original *statement?*

But Mr. Mayer, it would appear, has no ambition to rise above the level of ordinary tourists, and hence the new edition of his work has undergone such a *revision* and *correction* as to contain a greater number of inaccuracies than it did before. He tells us, in his preface, that he never saw "a Bible in a Mexican house," and that, if Mexico in speculation looks forward, "in the superstitions of religion it cleaves to the past."

"During my residence there and my travels throughout the Republic, I had often to recognize fine talents, good personal qualities, and vast natural resources, but all, generally neglected or denied the opportunity of advancement. I never saw a modern plough on a Mexican farm, a rake in a husbandman's hand, a wheelbarrow in a laborer's grasp, a cart bearing the ordinary burthens of trade, or a Bible in a Mexican house! That strange race of antique men in which Celti-Gallic, Celt-Iberian, Carthagenian, Roman, Vandalic, Visigothic and Moorish blood had mingled, was, again, crossed in Mexico by the Indian, and even dashed, in some instances, with the African. It is a mosaic blood and furnishes a curious matter for the study of physiologists. It is a race striving for new things, yet regretting to quit its grasp on the old. In speculation it looks forward; yet, in the superstitions of religion and in the crude primitiveness of art and trade, it cleaves to the past. Mexico is a graft rather of the wild Arab on the base Indian, than of the Spanish Don on the noble Aztec. From the *bondage* of superstitious custom Mexico requires disenthralment. But, to effect this delivery she must have PEACE imposed on her by a firm hand."

Truly our author aims at a great show of piety. Who could have supposed, had he not mentioned it, that in the Mexican families to which he was admitted, his thoughts were fixed on the Bible? And who doubts that the Bible would have been produced on the spot for his edification if he had expressed a wish to see it? But Mr. Mayer should have known that the Mexicans, while they entertain the profoundest regard for the holy Scriptures, have, at least, the advantage over some other people in the world of being free from Biblical fanaticism. For want of space to enlarge upon the additional errors of Mr. Mayer's work, we must close our remarks by assuring him that he would have evinced some intelligence and observation, had he specified the "superstitions of religion" which are practised in Mexico, and shown their opposition to the authorised observances of Christianity; but to have repeated, as he has done, the vulgar twaddle of prejudiced and uninformed travellers, is a manifest proof that bigotry and ignorance have been suffered to guide his pen.

The following articles have been received: 1, *Annals of Baltimore;* 2, *American Patents and Inventions;* 3, *Memoirs of a Babylonish Princess;* 4, *Protestant Ages of English Literature;* 5, *Sacramental Confession;* 6, *Scenes on the river Platte* (poetry); 7, *Treuga Dei,* or *The Truce of God* (a tale).

We have other papers on our table, the publication of which has been unavoidably deferred. Our friends will please to excuse the delay, and be assured that their favors will receive due attention.

Our next number will be embellished with a fine engraving of the new pope, his holiness Pius IX.

We shall always be pleased to hear from *Presbyter Americanus,* but we will respectfully suggest that the conductors of the Magazine wish to exclude from it, as much as possible,

that acerbity of tone which so easily infuses itself into controversial writing, which seldom fails to irritate, instead of winning our opponents, and the general effects of which is more injurious than beneficial.

Our readers will perceive that we have furnished this month more than the usual amount of matter, by the addition of four extra pages; but even with this arrangement other items of interest have been crowded out.

OBITUARY.

On the 9th September, at the convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Sister THERESA (Lauler), age 80 years.

This estimable lady was one of the foundresses of the Visitation order at Georgetown, having with two others received the rule from Bishop Neale in ——, and she had the consolation, during her life, to witness the spread of this excellent institute in various parts of the United States.

At St. Joseph's (the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity) near Emmitsburg, Md. on the 21st July, aged 33 years, Sister LUCIELA, for many years an edifying member of that community, and in which her many virtues will be long remembered.—*Boston Pilot.*

It is our painful duty to be thus soon again called upon to record the death of another clergyman of this diocess. The Rev. Joseph Rogers, who has for years been somewhat infirm, departed this life at St. Joseph's college, Bardstown, on the evening of the 8th inst., in the fiftieth year of his age. The deceased had gone to Bardstown to attend the retreat of the clergy, which opened on the 27th of August, but was taken sick soon after his arrival, and continued to grow worse and worse till it became evident that his last hour was at hand. He was a native of Kentucky, and had been laboring many years in the missions of this state. As we have not received any account from Bardstown, except the news of his death, and that the clergy assembled on the 9th to celebrate a mass of *requiem*, for the repose of his soul, and to perform the melancholy office of consigning his remains to the tomb in the cemetery of St. Thomas, we conclude our brief notice by recommending him to the pious prayers of the faithful. To most of them his virtues and labors are well known.

C. Adv.

On the 18th September, Rev. Vincent Baquelin, of the diocess of Vincennes, aged thirty-five years.

We learn this afflicting news from a letter from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, who says: "He was a regular, zealous, and pious priest, whose deportment had ever been most edifying. Only six days ago I had left him full of health, and quite rejoiced at the prospect of seeing soon accomplished the desire of his heart, as measures were in progress for commencing the erection of a large and beautiful church at Indianopolis. The congregations which he served are filled with sorrow by his death. The priests of the diocess, who were all his friends, lament him with tears, as does his bishop. The Rev. Mr. Baquelin was a native of the diocess of Clermont, in France, and was educated in the seminary of that diocess, where he acquired much distinction by his proficiency in the various branches of ecclesiastical learning. He came to America wtth the late venerable Bishop Bruté, and was ordained priest at Baltimore. He has been nearly ten years laboring in the missions of Indiana, and when thus summoned to give an account of his stewardship, and receive the reward of his sacrifices and labors, he was only in the thirty-fifth year of his age." The faithful, in their charity and piety, are requested to remember him in their prayers.—*Ibid.*

On the 10th August, at the Ursuline Convent, near N. Orleans, Sister FELICITAS (Reynès), aged 30 years. The deceased had been a pious and exemplary member of the community two years, and had her health been equal to her excellent qualities of mind and heart, she would have rendered important services to the institution in which she lived.

Prop. Cath.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Das Grosze Leben und Leiden Jesu Christi, von Pater Martin Cochem. Baltimore: John Murphy. Pittsburg: Geo. Quigley. 4to. pp. 800.

The many editions through which this work has passed on the other side of the Atlantic, afford abundant evidence of the high estimate which is set upon it by the religious portion of Catholic Germany. The vast amount of information which it embodies, embracing all the principal events from the creation of the world to the destruction of Jerusalem, with a full and edifying account of the life and sufferings of our divine Saviour, his holy Mother, and many of the most distinguished personages mentioned in the New Testament, with interesting narrations regarding the destruction of the holy city and Palestine, renders it an excellent compend of ancient ecclesiastical history, and an admirable introduction to the reading and understanding of the holy Scriptures, particularly the New Testament, as well as to the study of the events connected with the origin and early propagation of the Christian religion. The style of the author is plain, but derives the power of pleasing from the importance of the subjects which he treats, as well as from the simplicity and naturalness with which he developes them. Although in some instances he has evinced less discernment than piety in the statement of facts, his work may be recommended to the German Catholics of the United States, as a treasure of sacred knowledge, which they may resort to at all times with profit, either to become acquainted with the history of the primitive church, or to animate their piety by the contemplation of the impressive scenes which it exhibits. The work before us is printed in large and beautiful type, and ornamented with several fine engravings and illuminated titles. It contains also a family record, which will be found a great convenience to Christian parents. All these considerations must render Father Cochem's Life of Christ a work of the highest interest, particularly at the present time, when the continually increasing numbers that are flocking to our shores from Germany, must necessarily create a corresponding increase in the demand for books of this description, which furnish so effectual a means of nourishing and sustaining that religious feeling which seldom fails to accompany the German emigrant, from his fatherland to the forests of the western continent.

The Fourfold difficulty of Anglicanism, or The Church of England tested by the Nicene creed, in a series of letters. By J. Spencer Northcote, M. A., late of Oxford. Phila. Henry McGrath. Balt.: J. Murphy. 18mo. pp. 213.

We looked through this work with a great deal of pleasure, and we cannot but think that, of all the books recently issued in connection with the controversy between the true church and the church of England, it is decidedly the best adapted to the state of the times, and the most cogent in its arguments. With the exception perhaps of some inaccuracies of expression, the author has been more successful than any of his predecessors in controversial literature, in laying bare the vain pretensions of Anglicanism, especially as disguised under the orthodox phraseology illegitimately assumed by the party usually called Puseyite or Tractarian. As we shall probably return to the notice of this volume, we shall merely add that it ought to be in every library, and disseminated particularly among our brethren of the Church of England.

The Chapel of the Forest and Christmas Eve, tales for Young Persons: from the German of Canon Schmid. Baltimore: John Murphy. Pittsburg: George Quigley.

We can safely commend these touching little stories to all parents who would wish to instil into their offspring such sentiments as would make them good and valuable citizens. Nothing can excel the simplicity and feeling with which these tales are written, or be better adapted to the understanding of the young for whom they are designed. The work is pub-

lished in very neat style, and will make a handsome and useful present for children.

Address on the "American Government and its Prospects." By John J. Quin, a member of the Philopedian society of St. Xavier's college, Cincinnati, Ohio: delivered before the society, July 4th, 1846.

Address delivered before the Reading Room and Calocagathian Societies of St. Mary's college, Baltimore, at the annual commencement, July 14th, 1846. By James T. Glover, Esq.

Address delivered before the Philodemic Society at the commencement of Georgetown college, July 28th, 1846. By M. F. Maury, lieutenant U. S. Navy.

We cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of the above named addresses, all of which we have read with pleasure and profit. Mr. Quin's essay manifests an extensive acquaintance with the philosophy of government, and a just estimate of the importance of checks and balances to the well-being of republics. It is a well digested and creditable discourse.

Mr. Glover's oration attacks with great force the "progressists" of our day, their airy theories, and metaphysical quirks. How much more of sound sense is there not in his views of progress than those which have infatuated the minds of the philosophers of the nineteenth century? Progress, in his view, "consists, not in a new creation, but a development; of itself, human nature is not susceptible of perfectibility; its powers admit of expansion; though some of its properties undergo a progressive change from age to age, yet disguise it as you may, it is and must ever be fundamentally the same. The imperfect can never perfect itself; it can never be more than it is, except by means of something out of, and above itself."

Lieut. Maury's address before the Philodemic society of Georgetown college is just what we might expect from an accomplished sailor, short and sweet. Its object is to direct the young mind to the importance of studying nature and her works, and to point out the immense advantage with which it can start in these investigations: "The youth here," says the orator, "have had, not only all the advantages of education which we had in our day, but they have had the benefits also of all the new lights, the discoveries and improvements that have since been made. They are the grey-beards, we the striplings." The discourse of Lieut. Maury is full of interest and instruction, and well calculated to inspire youthful minds with a just sense of the importance of directing their attention to the study of natural philosophy.

Pauline Seward: a Tale of Real Life. By J. D. Bryant. Baltimore: J. Murphy. Pittsburg: George Quigley.

An arrangement having been made with the author and former publisher of this work, by which the copy-right passes into the hands of Mr. Murphy, he requests us to ask for it that patronage to which its merits so eminently entitle it. If not the brightest gem in the Catholic literature of this country, the story of Pauline Seward is certainly unsurpassed by any effort of the kind heretofore made on this side of the Atlantic. The reader will find the work full of attraction and interest, abounding with thrilling incidents, affecting details and delicate shading. As a work of fiction, it is unexceptionable; its Catholic characters, presenting beautiful models for imitation, and brilliant beacon lights to warn us from error. In its elucidations of divine truth, it is clear, forcible, and impressive. There is, in fact, a happy blending of useful instruction and romantic incident, highly creditable to the skill and ingenuity of the author. The work has invariably received the most unqualified praise from those who have read it, and it is risking nothing to say that the author has but to proceed to attain the highest eminence in that class of literary works of which this forms his first, and, in point of excellence, one of the most interesting which has ever yet been presented to the patronage of the Catholics of this country.

The Golden Book, or Humility in Practice. Translated from the French, &c. First American from the last Dublin edition. Baltimore; John Murphy; Pittsburg: Geo. Quigley. 32mo. pp. 64.

The pious Catholic, who aims at a continual progress in the way of Christian perfection, will cordially welcome the appearance of this little volume. Though of small compass, it embraces the practice of all virtues. The elegance which characterizes its typographical execution makes it a beautiful gem, and can not fail to secure it an extensive patronage.

TILLMAN & SONS.

His Holiness Pius 9th.

Born May 13th 1792.

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